JOURNAL OF
THE BACON SOCIETY.

No. VII.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Bacon Society was held at the large room of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on Tuesday evening, June 19th, 1888. Mr. Fearon took the chair. The Annual Report and Financial Statement were read and adopted. The Secretary read a portion of a review of Mr. Donnelly's Cryptogram, which is given *in extenso* in this number: with some of the testimonies given by those who have investigated the cipher.

The Chairman spoke in favourable terms of the first volume of Mr. Donnelly's book, as a masterpiece of Baconian statement, the most complete exposition of the Baconian argument that has yet appeared; a standard work which must last as a monument of forcible reasoning. He expressed also his conviction that the second volume, which he had read with great interest, renders the fact that a cipher exists in the 1623 Folio incontestible. Whether Mr. Donnelly had yet hit upon the real or the simplest clue was another question. Possibly when the cipher had been longer studied, a simpler clue might be found. As it was, the rules given were not really complicated; the complexity was more apparent than real, and was due in a great degree to the number of figures employed for explanatory purposes. In order to save his readers the trouble of counting and calculating for themselves, Mr. Donnelly had done the summing and subtracting *in extenso* for them. He had also set out all calculations in figures, and had repeated the same calculations line after line, instead of using dots or dittos, or adopting algebraical signs to express his

results, and starting afresh therefrom. These things, whilst enabling the general reader to follow the calculations with ease, gave the pages an appearance of complexity which they did not possess. The rule as to the order and sequence in which the words ought to come out, and be arranged, did not appear to be yet so clearly arrived at.

Mr. Donnelly then addressed the meeting, referring to the criticisms which had been made on his book, and the eager attempts to condemn the cipher without really investigating it. Mr. Donnelly also explained the mode in which the cipher numbers 505, 513, 516, 506, 523 are obtained from the primal root number 836, obtained by multiplying the numbers 76 of the page on which the second scene of *2 Henry IV.* ends, by 11, the number of bracketed words in the induction to that scene. This number is first modified by subtracting 29, the number of words on page 74, column 2, between the first word of the last subdivision and the bottom of the column; this gives 807. This is further modified by subtracting the number of words on the first column of page 74; and this number varies according to the way of counting.

Counting all the words, including those in brackets and hyphens, there are 302.

Counting all the words except the one hyphenated word in brackets, there are 301.

If the hyphenated words are taken as single words, there are 294.

If the hyphenated words are taken as double, there are 291.

Excluding bracketed words, and counting hyphenated as single words, there are 284.

These several numbers deducted from 807 give the root-numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516, 523, thus:

807	807	807	807	807
302	301	294	291	284
505	506	513	516	523

Mr. Donnelly referred to the various objections which had been made to the cipher and the cipher story, and maintained that, although minor inaccuracies may exist in working out the story, the main facts are not to be disputed.

A discussion then followed, in which Mr. Ames, Mr. Highton, Colonel Godsall, and Mr. Donnelly, and others, took part.

SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

THE BACON SOCIETY has now completed the second year of its existence. It numbers 79 members and associates.

Since the last Report was issued, in August, 1887, three meetings have been held—two at the rooms of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, and one at the Westminster Town Hall.

The following papers and addresses have been given, and have led to interesting conversation and discussion, both at the time of meeting and afterwards:—

1. *Shakespeare, the Lawyer; and Bacon, the Poet, Part II.*, by MR. ALARIC ALFRED WATTS.
2. *Official Report Relating to the Progress of the Bacon-Shakespeare Discussion in England and America*, read by the HON. SECRETARY.
3. *An Essay on Shakespeare's "Hamlet," compared with Bacon's "Advancement of Learning,"* by COLONEL H. L. MOORE, of Laurence, Kansas, U.S.
4. *A Paper on the Peculiar Use of the phrase "I cannot tell," by Bacon and Shakespeare*, by MR. R. M. THEOBALD.
5. *A Lecture by the* HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY *on the Cipher Narrative in the 1623 Folio Edition of Shakespeare.*

These papers, except the last, have been published in the BACON JOURNAL, which has also contained other papers and reviews relating to various branches of the same topic. The last number, however, of the Journal contains papers which have not been read at any meetings of the Society, including an official account of recent phases of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy; a valuable paper by Mr. George

Stronach, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, being a reply to and criticism of a discussion of the Baconian theory published by Sir Theodore Martin in the February (1888) number of *Blackwood.* The paper of Sir Theodore Martin has since been re-published as a small volume, and the Committee would commend it to their members and friends as a specimen of the singularly weak defence of a bad case by an able and experienced literary man. It is noticed that some of the mistakes pointed out by Mr. Stronach have been silently corrected in the revised issue. A valuable series of papers by Mrs. Henry Pott is now in course of publication in the Journal. These form part of a more extended series, which the Committee hope to bring before the public, in which the Baconian argument will be presented with a scientific completeness hitherto unattained.

Besides these papers, the Hon. Secretary, acting upon instructions given at a Committee Meeting of the Society, has compiled a volume, entitled "*Dethroning Shakspere,*" a full account of which has been given in the December number of the BACON JOURNAL. This volume was published under the general sanction of the Committee, but the Editor alone is responsible for its contents. The issue by the publishers was intended, among other purposes, to prepare for the reception of Mr. Donnelly's "*Great Cryptogram,*" the announcement of which led to the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, which formed the basis of the volume, "*Dethroning Shakspere.*"

Mr. Donnelly's important work was published on May 1st, 1888, and this must be considered the most remarkable and important event in the Baconian annals of the year. It has given rise to discussion, comment, criticism of varied quality, in all parts of the kingdom, and throughout the English-speaking races all over the world. As to the special merits of the work, this will be more fully considered in a special review of the entire work, which will be issued in the seventh number of the BACON JOURNAL—a review embodying the opinions of the Committee as a body, as well as those of many of the members of the Bacon Society. In the special analysis of the cipher, as explained by Mr. Donnelly, it is intended to secure, if possible, the co-operation of mathematicians and of experts in cipher construction and interpretation, so that our members may be assisted in their judgment and study of this extremely difficult problem by scientific discussion, and not merely by guesses and speculations.

The amount of matter published during the year, bearing more or less directly on the Baconian theory, is enormous. But inasmuch as it con-

sists chiefly in scattered newspaper criticisms, it is not possible to refer to it in any detail in this report. Those most worthy of note are the long series of letters, introduced and suggested by two very scholarly editorial papers, written in a singularly fair and candid spirit, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. A long and comprehensive paper by Professor Davidson was published in the *New York World*, and this also led to a prolonged correspondence, in which Professor Davidson himself took part, as well as General Butler, Colonel Ingersoll, Messrs. Appleton Morgan, Allen Thorndyke Rice, Albert R. Frey, Edward Gordon Clarke, Julian Hawthorne, and very many others. Articles also have appeared in the *North American Review*, including two by Mr. Donnelly, discussing not only the particular cipher which forms the subject of the second volume of Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram," but other branches of cipher speculation by Messrs. Black and Gordon Clarke. It must be confessed that the suggestion of cipher-quest is likely to stir into activity all sorts of speculation. Time alone can decide how much of this is based on solid reality, and how much on imagination.

Another book, which will cause considerable perplexity to all classes of Shakespearian and Baconian students, is Mr. Appleton Morgan's recently published volume, *Shakespeare in Fact and Criticism*. Mr. Morgan has always spoken doubtfully about the Baconian theory, he now professes himself a disbeliever in it; but there is no doubt that the whole drift of his writings is to discredit all current theories respecting Shakespeare, except the Baconian. This work will, however, require a more extended notice in our Journal.

The Committee acknowledge with thanks many valuable additions to the library of the Society, which have been made during the year. Donations of books from our members, Mr. Ernest Jacob, Mr. John F. Fearon, Mr. Wyman, Mr. Appleton Morgan, Mrs. Henry Pott, and the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly have been added to our collection.

It is still necessary to remind the members, associates, and friends of the Bacon Society of the many ways in which they can assist its operations.

1. Literary co-operation is much required. All students of Bacon and Shakespeare are invited to embody the results of their studies in papers, essays, paragraphs, letters of enquiry, or suggestions research. These papers may be either read at the meetings or published in the Journal. Even if no definite conclusions are formulated they may help to stimulate enquiry and promote discussion.

2. All who are interested in our movement should collect information bearing upon it, and communicate the result to the Editor of the BACON JOURNAL. All public discussions or debates, in literary and other societies, all reviews, all newspaper or other references to the Baconian arguments and facts, should be collected and contributed to our annals.

3. Those who are friendly to our objects should themselves promote discussion, either oral or by the press, in their own localities. They might often, for instance, reply to objections, or criticisms, or difficulties which are published in the periodical press, many of them very plausible, but very shallow; most of them so extremely feeble that they can easily be met by any one who has the most elementary acquaintance with our arguments.

4. It is evidently desirable that all who are actually associated with us should use their influence to add to our numbers. Forms of invitation to join the Society, as members or associates, will be supplied by the Hon. Sec. to any member who can make use of them. We know of many who are friendly to our aims who are not identified with us, preferring, some of them, to use their influence privately. This we think a mistaken policy. Union is strength in this as in all other matters, and those who are in a minority, and who are constantly subjected to all sorts of reproach and misrepresentation, require all the moral and material support that can be obtained by the adhesion of those who are favourable to their cause in one compact and united body.

5. Those who do not join us, as well as our own members, may aid our movement by gifts of books to our library, and by donations to the publishing fund, and by contributing to the general objects of the Society. Much research might be undertaken, and many new and important facts would doubtless be brought to light, if the resources of the Society were commensurate with the large scope of its aims. If half the amount of research which has been expended and wasted in the dreary and unprofitable quest for relics and records relating to William Shakspere had been devoted to inquiring into the undisclosed or only half-told facts about Francis Bacon, doubtless we should now be in possession of facts which would solve many of the problems on which we are engaged. To prosecute these researches we require more labourers and more funds. We know quite well that the number of those who are favourable to our belief is largely increasing, and has been much augmented during the last few months. We confidently

appeal to our unattached friends to become our adherents and fellow-workers, and for each to aid us in the way that is most adapted to his opportunities and capacity.

During the year Subscriptions and Donations were received to the amount of £52 14s. 6d. Also £6 4s. 9d. was realised by the sale of Journals. The balance in hand, January, 1888, was £45 10s. 6d.

The Expenditure to set off against these Receipts left a balance in hand at the beginning of the year of £32 9s. 5d.

BACON SOCIETY.—RECEIPT AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1887.

RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Balance per last account, 1st January, 1887		45 10 6
„ Subscriptions, 2 at £3 3s.	6 6 0	
„ 30 at £1 1s.	31 10 0	
„ 21 at 10s. 6d.	11 0 6	
	£48 16 6	
Less Amount Short, received ...	0 2 0	
		48 14 6
To Special Donation Towards Publication		4 0 0
„ Sale of Books, Journals, &c.		6 4 9
		£104 9 9

EXPENDITURE.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Liabilities Due on 1886 Accounts, viz:—		
Printing	20 8 6	
Expenses of Meeting	3 4 4	
Postage, &c.	4 1 8	
		27 14 6
„ G. Redway, Advertising ...		5 10 0
„ R. Banks & Son, Printing		23 7 0
„ Stationery		1 11 8
„ Expenses of Meetings ...		7 14 6
„ Postage		4 5 2
„ Newspaper Cuttings ...		1 17 6
„ Balance at Bank	27 9 3	
„ „ in Hand	5 0 2	
		32 9 5
		£104 9 9

Examined, with Vouchers produced, and found correct,

23, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.,
June 11, 1888.

WM. THEOBALD, C.A.

COMMITTEE OF THE BACON SOCIETY.

(ESTABLISHED DECEMBER, 1885.)

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BANKERS:

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HON. AUDITOR:

WILLIAM THEOBALD, ESQ., 23, St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.

MR. DONNELLY'S RECEPTION AT THE WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL.

AN extraordinary meeting of the Bacon Society was held at the Westminster Town Hall, on April 17, 1888, convened to receive the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who had recently arrived in England, prior to the publication of his since well-known book, "*The Great Cryptogram*," "Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays." The large hall was filled by a highly intelligent and appreciative audience.

The chair was taken by Alaric A. Watts, Esq., who introduced Mr. Donnelly to the Meeting by a few preliminary observations, sketching rapidly the history of the Baconian theory, and its present position in this country. Mr. Donnelly then spoke as follows:—

MR. DONNELLY'S ADDRESS.

SIR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is with no little trepidation that I find myself in your presence this evening. It is the first time that I have ever addressed an audience within the limits of the British Empire, of which my ancestors were citizens and subjects for many generations. However greatly I may esteem and honour my own illustrious and wonderful country,—to whose material and moral greatness no words of mine can do justice,—I, nevertheless, feel, that standing here in London, almost in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, I stand, as it were, beside the heart of the world. Bacon spoke of England as "that little country with the mighty heart." That mighty heart is London, into whose aortas are poured the commerce, the wealth, and the power of the world. I feel that I stand to-night where public opinion, upon literary questions at least, is formulated for the 120,000,000 people who speak the English language on the face of the globe. And, therefore, I say, I speak with hesitation and with trepidation.

I am aware, also, that I speak in the face of a mighty prejudice—that I am talking against the broad, blank wall of a national super-

stition—that the voice of the people is against me, and the voice of the people has been claimed as the voice of God. It may be so in the last analysis of an intelligent, cultured, and civilized people; but the voice of the people was not the voice of God 1,800 and odd years ago, when it cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" The voice of the people was not the voice of God when it justified the imprisonment of Galileo. He represented a smaller minority in the world than the Baconians do to-day. The truth is, my friends, that the progress of mankind consists in one generation undoing the errors and mistakes of the preceding generation.

When they explored Pompeii and Herculanæum, and reached the limits of the towns they found radiating out from them, and the great roads that led into the country, they found those roads bordered on both sides with the tombs of the dead. And I might say that, in like manner, the pathways of the world's progress are marked by the monuments of dead errors.

The rarest, the most valuable faculty of the human mind is the capacity of original thought. The man who has it not is a mere automaton, who repeats what others tell him. The progress of the world has been upon the stepping stones of independent minds. In your own great city you find a Memorial Church erected upon Smithfield. There was a time when your predecessors, who dwelt in this goodly city, believed it was right to burn men at the stake for their opinions upon religious questions—that it was a duty to God and man. And there was a time, in a still earlier period in history, when it was the universal conviction that this earth was flat; that the sun made the alternations of day and night by retreating behind a high mountain, which was placed, by the learned geographers of that day, somewhere about where London now stands. Well, you may say that these were errors of the remote past, and of an ignorant people. But it is on record that when, a short time since, it was first proposed to introduce locomotives, and run them upon railroads in this country, clergymen, or one clergyman at least, in a pamphlet protested against any such step, on the ground that it was an infringement of the divine law, for God never intended that men should travel faster than ten miles an hour. And I believe it is a fact, that petitions were sent to Parliament protesting against running locomotives through the country, on the further ground that the clatter they made would prevent the hens from laying their eggs.

And it will not be forgotten, that when a law was passed to permit

Jews to sit in Parliament, a gentleman made a speech in the House of Commons, in which he declared that the curse of God would fall upon the nation if any one of the accursed race, who had persecuted the Messiah, was permitted to become a member of that great representative body.

In fact, if you take any branch of science you find the same state of things. I was the other day looking at the great Tower of London. I noticed upon one of the buildings what seemed to me to be oyster shells, fastened against the face of it. I was curious, and I asked one of the warders: "What are those?" He said, "Those are oyster shells." "What for?" "They were put there to protect the building from wear and tear," and thereupon he proceeded to tell me the story of a former warder who, when asked the same question by a visitor, told him they were washed there against the building in the time of the Flood. Now, we laugh at it, but really, one hundred years ago geology had not advanced much farther, and we were sagely told, in the scientific books of the day, that the fossils found in the earth were specimens of humour on the part of the Creator—that they were jokes made in a plastic form, and put there—stone jokes, to deceive and bewilder impertinent mankind. This was the condition of geology at that time. I read the other day, on a monument in Westminster Abbey, an inscription to the memory of the great philanthropist, Mr. Wilberforce, and it was stated in the inscription that Mr. Wilberforce was largely instrumental in suppressing the slave-trade, and in taking measures that led to the final emancipation of every slave under the British flag; and it went on to make the melancholy admission that, while so labouring for the good of man, he was the subject of extreme persecution and injustice! Who, to-day, in the civilised world, would defend the slave-trade? And yet there was a vast population at that time—a majority of the whole people of England—either in favour of it or tacitly sustaining it. I can remember, in my own country, when Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, for opposing slavery, was led through the streets of Boston with a rope round his neck—not South Carolina, but Boston, the especial champion of freedom. I can remember when a Bishop of one of the Churches of free New England came out in a pamphlet with a solemn argument to prove that slavery was a divine institution, that God had ordained and established it, and that it was sinful to attempt to overthrow it.

Now, in the presence of these facts, no man ought to sit back in

his seat, with a complacent smile on his face, and a feeling that he "knows it all;" and that because public feeling or stupidity sustains him in his ignorant bigotry, that it is his province to sneer at every careful and laborious thinker who seeks to penetrate into and ascertain the truth as to controverted questions.

Take this very matter of Shakespeare. Francis Bacon made the very sagacious remark that the ancient age of the world was not the age of antiquity, in the sense of being the wise age; because, said he, it is the present age that is the oldest age, for it has all the accumulated wisdom of the past. We know more to-day of the history of the Egyptians, drawn from the translation of their monuments, that they knew in Julius Cæsar's time. We know, probably, more of the Assyrians, drawn from the translations of the cuneiform characters, than the Egyptians knew, and human intelligence is not pausing. Our children will know more of these things than we do, and they will probably laugh at our errors as we do at the mistakes of our grandparents.

Take this question of William Shakspere. We know more about William Shakspere to-day than they did fifty years ago; and, in all probability, they knew more about William Shakspere fifty years before that than the London public did in William Shakspere's own time. Why? Because there have been a multitude of the most intelligent labourers seeking everywhere for facts; taking every statement and analysing it, penetrating into these things with a scientific purpose and by scientific methods. And what is the result? Why, one half the facts that were given in the biographies of Shakspere fifty years ago are blotted out of the biographies of William Shakspere to-day. Fifty years ago you might take a biography of Shakspere and you would read that he wrote beautiful verses to Ann Hathaway —"Ann Hathaway, she hath a way,"—and so forth. No claims are now made that William Shakspere ever wrote any such verses, or any other verses, to Ann Hathaway. Fifty years ago it was said that William Shakspere was of gentle blood. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the highest and most careful authority on the subject, says that is not true—that he came of a long line of peasants on both sides. Fifty years ago it was claimed and believed that some one of his ancestors had rendered valuable services to Henry VII., and had a grant of lands given to him in Warwickshire. Diligent search of the records of that county prove that there is no truth in that statement. Fifty years ago—nay, twenty-five years ago, it was claimed that Shakspere

had received a coat-of-arms. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps investigated the matter, and says in effect: "It is true that Shakspere made an application for a coat-of-arms, and in that put forth many ridiculously false statements; but the application was not granted, although his family used the coat-of-arms." Now those self-sufficient gentlemen who call themselves the especial advocates and representatives of Shakspere, who, from having pursued a sort of vermiculate examination of verbiology, have attempted to build up great reputations as Shakespearian scholars—microscopic men—turn their noses up against any theory that teaches that Shakspere did not write the plays. I would just as soon think of going to some entomologist, who had spent his life examining, with the microscope, the *antennæ* of insects, and ask him to describe to me the passage of the solar system through space. The very nature of their studies, minute and entomological, has, so to speak, unfitted these gentlemen to entertain any broad views on this or any other subjects.

Well, my friends, we are met, then, as I have been met in America, by gentlemen who say, "Oh! we do not want these beautiful and tender beliefs to be disturbed." Does the world desire to worship a fraud? Are they like the Otaheitan savage who, bending before his hideous god, as someone has said, "knows he is ugly, and believes he is great"? What has been the secret of the greatness of the English race, and of the American people as well? It has been their firm grip upon fact; their absolute setting aside of all myths. And it has been only by that firm and resolute grip upon positive facts and absolute truth that those great conquests have been achieved by the English-speaking people of the world, in the realm of nature, that have so astonished mankind. What grown man is there who, to-day, would say to you, "I was taught in my youth to believe in Santa Claus. It is a beautiful and charming belief. Think of the picture of that rubicund little man, coming down the chimney, covered with snow, and soot, and toys. How charming! How picturesque! No, I do not want that beautiful belief disturbed; it cheered me in my childhood, and I want to go down to my grave believing in it." Now, is not that the attitude of a large part of the world upon this question of the Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays?

The point for us to enquire into is:—What is the fact? If William Shakspere did not write those Plays, if he was incapable of writing them, the world wants to know it. If Francis Bacon, the illustrious founder of our modern philosophy, and I might almost say, of our

modern civilization, was the man who wrote these Plays, the world wants to know it. It is not a question of sentiment, it is a question of fact. Who is there that wants to worship at the wrong shrine—to make the worship as the poet says, "Greater than the God"—nay, to confer upon an idol the adoration that should be given alone to the Divinity?

Now, my friends, I could not, if I tried, cover the whole argument upon this question to-night, for it would take many hours and many volumes: but I thought that there might be many here who had not given much thought to this subject, and that I would briefly touch on one or two points before proceeding to the discussion of the Cipher itself. We all know what was the history of William Shakspere. We know he was born in Stratford-on-Avon. It is said that he went to school in the village school; we infer that, but there is no proof of it. It is supposed that he left school at fourteen years of age. Tradition tells us that he was bound apprentice to a butcher; tradition tells us that he led an evil life; that he fell in with bad companions; that he was often whipped and imprisoned; and that at last, to escape from the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy, he fled away to London, leaving behind him his wife and his children.

Now there was never, in Shakspere's time, any allegation that he ever had been a lawyer. There is no point in his career where legal studies could come in. When he came to London, tradition tells us he began as a horse-holder at the door of the theatre. Then he was a servitor or servant—a call-boy; then he rose to be an actor. Now, surely you will agree with me, that there is no time here for this man to have spent in a lawyer's office; he was not in that line of action. The lawyer of that day was a gentleman (laughter), he was entirely separated from the butchers' apprentice; and I beg leave to add, that lawyers, as a rule, have continued to be gentlemen ever since. (Renewed laughter.) Now, then, I say, it is impossible that that man could have been a lawyer, and yet nothing is more clearly established than the fact that the man who really wrote those Shakespearian Plays was a lawyer, and not only a lawyer, but a great lawyer; not only a great practical lawyer, but a learned lawyer. Let me read to you, very briefly, two or three extracts to establish that fact. Richard Grant White, you must remember, was a fierce anti-Baconian, and he suggested that the right way to treat any man who believed that Bacon wrote the Plays was to give him a Concordance, some

foolscap paper, and put him in a lunatic asylum. And yet this man, Richard Grant White, says:—

> No dramatist of the time, not even Beaumont, who was a younger son of a judge of the Common Pleas, and who, after studying in the Inns of Court, abandoned law for the drama, used legal phrases with Shakespeare's readiness and exactness. And the significance of this fact is heightened by another, that it is only to the language of the law that he exhibits this inclination The phrases peculiar to other occupations serve him on rare occasions by way of description, comparison, or illustration, generally when something in the scene suggests them; but legal phrases *flow from his pen as part of his vocabulary and parcel of his thought.*

Then this same Mr. White said, in an article published in the *Atlantic Monthly* shortly before his death, "The notion that he was an attorney's clerk is blown to pieces." Now, is it not marvellous, that the same man could put forth those two statements: (1) that the man who wrote the Plays was a lawyer, and (2) that Shakspere was not a lawyer, and could yet believe (3) that Shakspere wrote the Plays. It does seem to me a man, even though an idolater of the Stratford player, ought to be able to reason beyond the length of his own nose; that he ought to have the power of putting two and two together, and have drawn the logical conclusion, that if the man who wrote the Plays was a lawyer, and Shakspere was not a lawyer, that, *ergo*, Shakspere never wrote the Plays.

Then take what Chief Justice Campbell said. He was a distinguished lawyer himself, and he writes with no knowledge of the Baconian theory, and certainly no belief in it. He says:—

> We find in several of the Histories Shakespeare's fondness for law terms; and it is still more remarkable, that *whenever he indulges this propensity he uniformly lays down good law.*
>
> While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriages, of wills and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can neither be demurrer, nor bill of exception, nor writ of error.
>
> If Lord Eldon could be supposed to have written the Play, I do not see how he would be chargeable with having forgotton any of his law while writing it.
>
> The indictment in which Lord Say was arraigned, in Act IV., scene vii. (*2d Henry VI.*), seems *drawn by no inexperienced hand.* . . . . How acquired I know not, but it is quite certain that the drawer of this indictment must have had some acquaintance with *The Crown*

Circuit Companion, and must have had *a full and accurate knowledge* of that rather obscure and intricate subject—"Felony and Benefit of Clergy."

Lord Campbell quotes sonnet xlvi., of which he says:—

I need not go farther than this sonnet, which is so *intensely legal in its language and imagery that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure it cannot be fully understood.*

But, say the Shakesperians, "The Epistle to the Gentlemen of the University," by Robert Nash, says,—

It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him fair, in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, handfuls of tragical speeches.

The Shaksperians say it is proved by this that Shakspere was a lawyer, because he is referred to here as a *noverint*, and as the author of *Hamlet*. But there is this difficulty in the way: this paragraph was published, according to its title-page, in 1589; and if you turn to Halliwell-Phillipps, who is the highest authority upon the subject of Shakspere's life, he will tell you (*Outlines*, p. 64) that the first Play Shakespeare ever wrote, which was produced on the boards of any theatre, was *Henry VI.*, which made its appearance on the 3rd March, 1592. How there could be an allusion to Shakespeare as a Play-writer, before Shakespeare began to write Plays, passes the comprehension of an ordinary mind.

But that is not all. This man says, "They leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were born." What does that mean? We say, a man was born a gentleman—that is, his father before him was a gentleman; and to say that a man was born a lawyer, means that his father before him was a lawyer. You can imagine that, possibly, in some way Shakspere might have been in a law-office, but the wildest stretch of the imagination cannot go to the extent of supposing that poor old John Shakspere was a lawyer, for the very sufficient reason that he could not write his name; and I believe, that in all ages, lawyers have been expected to know how to do that much.

It has been suggested, to meet this difficulty, that Shakspere might, at some time in his youth, have spent a month or two in a lawyer's

office; but Gerald Massey says, "The worst of it is, for the theory of his having been an attorney's clerk that it will not account for his insight into law; his knowledge is not office sweepings, but ripe fruits, mature *as though he had spent his life in their growth.*"

Then we turn to the home of William Shakspere. Halliwell-Phillipps tells us it was a bookless neighbourhood, and he doubts whether there was a single book in William Shakspere's father's house. Why should there be? Books are made to be read, and, as a rule, they are only where they can be read; and neither Shakspere's father, nor his mother, his grandfather, nor his grandmother, nor any one of his "sisters, cousins, or aunts," could either read or write. There was no use for books, and Shakspere's own daughter could not read or write, but signed her name with a X.

Then take an additional fact: that not a single scrap of paper, with the name of William Shakspere attached to it, with the exception of his will, and one legal document—a deed—has come down to us. If you ask us the question, "Could an ordinary man write ordinary Plays?" we say at once, "Certainly;" but when you ask us the question, "Could an ordinary man write extraordinary Plays?" the answer is, "No." The human-bearing world has been wagging on for five thousand years certainly, possibly for five hundred thousand; no such genius as the man who wrote those Plays ever appeared before or since. He was not alone a great poet, but a great philosopher, a statesman, a man of affairs, intimate with the laws and practices of courts and camps alike; a sage and a scholar.

Someone has justly said that the Plays were never written without a large library, and cannot, to-day, be read without one. And yet we are asked to believe that the greatest man that ever walked this planet, the greatest mind that ever God made since He made the world, that that mightiest of the sons of men—profound, immense in all his mental attributes—lived in this town of London, and in the village of Stratford, until he was fifty-two or fifty-three years of age, and yet not a man comes forward and says: "Here is a letter from William Shakspere. Here is where he wrote to Spenser and discussed poetry. Here is where he wrote to Bacon and discussed philosophy. Here is the account of some public meeting in which he took part and made a speech." No: not one. What was he doing? Can you put such a light as that under a bushel? No: its effulgence would fill the world, and the activities, the mental power of such a man would have expanded and radiated in a thousand directions. It is not to be

believed; it is utterly incomprehensible. As one of the critics upon the subject says, "I cannot marry these facts to his verse;" and another says, "We hear of a Shakespeare of earth, but there must have been a Shakespeare of heaven."

The antiquarian digs up the record where he sued a poor wretch for two shillings. The antiquarian digs up the record of another man whom he puts into gaol. Even Richard Grant White has to confess: "We look for bread, and our teeth encounter these stones."

But it is of no avail to dwell longer upon these topics. Even you, gentlemen—you Shakespereolators—who sit here wrapped in the panoply of your own self-conceit, even you must acknowledge that these facts cannot be denied. If I have said anything that is not true, let some gentleman correct me. I say, in the presence of these facts, you must acknowledge there is sufficient ground for investigation. But it takes generations to effect any radical change in public belief. Were the men of Galileo's time converted to the doctrine of the rotation of the earth on its axis? Not at all! nine-tenths of them went down to the grave firm in the belief that the earth was the centre of the whole universe. Were the men of Monk Cosmos's time, who believed the earth was flat, converted? No; nine-tenths of them believed it till their death. But it is a happy dispensation of divine Providence that the thoughts of fools perish with them; and the world advances by the minority whose opinions live because they have laid hold on truth, and have the vitality of truth within them.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, let me touch upon a few facts which will show, I think, even to the most prejudiced mind, the fact even that there is something unnatural and artificial in this Folio of 1623, of which I have here a facsimile copy. In the first place, you turn to the paging of that Folio, and remember that it was in this Folio that the Plays of Shakespeare were first published in a collected form, and that in that volume seventeen of the Plays appeared for the first time. Remember, William Shakspere died, and made a will—or, as lawyers say, made a will and died—in which he provided for the disposition of his second bed, and his old clothes, and his sword, and his gilt bowl, and a variety of other articles, and there is not a particle of reference made to any manuscript, or any plays, or possessions of that kind; and yet, at that time, some of the greatest of these immemorial productions—like *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar*, and a number of others—must have been, if Shakspere was the author of them, lying about his house in manuscript form, running the risk of his illiterate

daughter, Judith, tearing them up to make curl papers of. He makes no provision for their publication whatever; and when this great book is published, which must have cost thousands of dollars, you turn to the back of it, and you find that it is printed, not at the expense of the family of William Shakspere—and William Shakspere was very rich—but you read in the back of his book, upon the very last page, "printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, T. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley." Published at their charges! Nay, more; it does not seem that the Shakspere family ever possessed a copy of this Folio, for if they had possessed one it would have come down to us. Forty years after his death they had a celebration, organised by Garrett, in his town. The descendants of his sister, Joan, were contented to live in the Henley-street property down to the beginning of the present century, and inherited the personal property that must have gone to his daughter Susan. Now, if it had been known, at any point of this history, that there was a copy of this Shakespeare Folio (now worth from 4,000 to 5,000 dollars) to have been Shakspere's property, it would have been held on to and traced. We see in the paper where some man is advertising a lot of chairs; and when we have the chair of Shakspere advertised, even the papers begin to throw as much doubt on that as we do on Shakspere.

Now you turn to this wonderful book, published by somebody else, got up by the players, and you turn to the paging. It is divided into three parts. It runs to the end of the Comedies, then begins at p. 1 again, and runs to the end of the Histories; then it runs again from the beginning of the Tragedies. This, however, would not be extraordinary, although unusual; but when we come to look at the paging of it we find *Henry IV.* terminates at page 101, and *Henry V.* begins at page 69 and runs right along 70 and 71 and so forth to the end of the Play. You turn to the end of *Henry VIII.*, and that is 232, and the next Play is *Troilus and Cressida*, which begins at page 79. Then page 80 is marked, and the rest of *Troilus and Cressida* is not paged at all. You turn to *Romeo and Juliet*, and you find another mistake. It terminates at page 77, and *Timon of Athens* commences at page 80, and between *Twelfth Night* and a *Winter's Night Tale* there is inserted a blank leaf, but the blank leaf is counted, although it is not properly a page at all. These things are marvellous. Then you find the most wonderful hyphenation and bracketings, the grouping together of three words, or four words, or five words by hyphens so that they will be read as one word. But what is strangest

of all, our excellent friend Mr. Smith, who might be called the patriarch of the question in England, and who honours us with his presence here this evening, in his book published some years ago, called attention to the fact that in the two subsequent editions after this first edition, and after Bacon was dead, each page began and ended with the same word that begins and ends this book.

When I came to London I told my good friend, the Hon. Secretary of your Society, Dr. Theobald, that I was not familiar with your Libraries here, and that he was; and I asked him if he would verify that statement, and ascertain how far the identity continued. He went to the British Museum, and got the original Folio and the copies of the two succeeding Folios, 1632 and 1644, and compared them; and he wrote me a statement that the 1632 edition was identically the same in nearly every respect except for one or two minute errors, which might have been typographical. In other words, every one of these singular hyphenations and bracketings was repeated; the paging was the same, and each page began on the same word and ended on the same word. And when he came to the Folio of 1644, that was printed exactly the same, but there was no irregularity in the paging. Now you go to a printer and ask him whether that thing could be done unless there was a specific direction to have it done. There are about 900 and odd pages in this book. Hand that to a dozen different printing offices, and tell them to reprint it, and give them no instructions about it, and there will not be one that will adhere to the arrangement of pages. Then I said to Dr. Theobald, "See if these editions were printed from the same type." There was no stereotyping in that age, and it was impossible that the type could have been kept standing from 1623 to 1633 and 1644. There was only one other alternative, and that was that possibly all three editions might have been printed at the same time, from the same type, but put forth at different times with a different date on the title-page. But Dr. Theobald reports to me that although one is a literal copy of the other, the type is different, the ornamental borders are sometimes, not always, different; much of the archaic spelling in the 1623 edition is modernised in 1632, and there are enough differences to show that it was a reprint. Now who would instruct any printer throughout 900 pages to repeat every point of the original folio, even to the errors, and to reproduce every one of these extraordinary hyphenations and bracketings?

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There is, of course, and I recognise it as fully as anyone can, the

feeling in all minds of unwillingness to give up Shakspere and to substitute Bacon as the author of the Plays. To those who have that feeling I would say, Can any man here, or any man on the face of the earth, turn to a single fact, or tradition, or anything else, that shows William Shakspere to have been a lovable character? Is there a single fact stated about him that gives him the characteristics of a scholar? Is there a single generous act such as we might look for in the light of these Plays coming down to us through the mists of time? Not one. Turn to Dulwich College, and there you find his contemporary and associate on the stage, Edward Alleyne, giving the accumulation of his wealth to found Schools, Almshouses, and a College; and there it is still standing, a noble work; a great work not only now, but one that will probably be productive of great good for all the thousands of years that are to come. Ask the friends of Mr. Shakspere, "Can you show anything of the kind?" Not a bit of it. We have nothing but the records of law-suits, where he sued men for debts and followed them up and put them in prison. What is there lovable in this man that you should cling to him? You have associated with the man the genius manifested in these Plays; you have created a Shakespeare of heaven, not by historical facts, but by welding into his rude and brief career the glories and beauties of this magnificent work. But if Shakspere is hurled down from that pedestal, whom do you put in his place? The greatest intellect of the human race.

Apart from all question of these Plays, Francis Bacon looms up before the world the most gigantic intellect of the human species. Why, Englishmen, if we can weld the Plays of Shakespeare to the genius of Francis Bacon; if we can—as we will, for Spedding has done it, and Hepworth Dixon has done it—if we can wipe away with a great sponge from that noble brow the falsehoods and slanders that the cruelties and injustice of a past age have put there, we see him stand forth on his pedestal "the foremost man of all this world"; as the man who loved his fellow-man, and whose whole thought was that he might "lift man out of his necessities and miseries." But you may say, "He confessed to bribery." He confessed to nothing of the kind. He made a confession in a despotic Court to save his head from the block. He made a statement of facts, but if it is searched into, not one of the twenty-two instances is a confession of bribery. He either took the gifts as other judges took them, or he took them from the losing party; or, as was the custom of the age, from the suitors after

the case was decided. There was only one case where a lady came and gave the money, not to Bacon, but to his clerk. There is not a thing which touches this great man. Read his utterances. Think what Addison said when he spoke of the prayer which he wrote in the time of his affliction, when he was hurled from power. Says Addison, than whom no better judge of literary excellence ever lived: "It was more like the adoration of an angel than a man." "I," says Bacon, "though in a despised weed, have sought the good of all men." What was the despised weed? We say it was these Shakespeare Plays. But, my friends, when you have welded the intellect of the mighty works embraced in those plays to this great philosopher, the founder of our modern philosophy, you Englishmen have got a man that you may challenge the whole world to match.

Mr. Donnelly then proceeded to an exposition of the Cipher he claims to have discovered, illustrating his remarks by numerous diagrams. This portion of his address is now superseded by the more detailed explanation running through the five hundred pages of the second volume of "The Great Cryptogram." Mr. Donnelly concluded his address amidst loud applause.

The Hon. Secretary of the Bacon Society then moved the following resolution, which was briefly seconded by Professor Bengough:—

"Resolved, that the thanks of this meeting be given to Mr. Donnelly for his most interesting address, and that he be assured that so far as the members of the Bacon Society are concerned, his views, when more fully presented, will receive careful and kind consideration."

The Resolution was carried unanimously, and the meeting terminated.

THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM.*

MR. DONNELLY'S great work has at length made its appearance. We have been expecting it for a long time with eagerness, not unmixed with impatience. Now that it has appeared, we may frankly say that the eagerness is abundantly justified, and the impatience is somewhat rebuked. For considering the mass of the work, its 998 pages, full of research in the earlier half, full of most laborious and intricate calculations in the latter half, we can no longer blame Mr. Donnelly for delay, we can only marvel at the prodigious working faculty, the undaunted perseverance, the unflagging industry that has enabled him to produce so much in so short a time. Indeed, we have sometimes felt not a little inclined to reverse our former remonstrances, and to wish he had taken more time to perfect the machinery of the cipher, and so present it in a more mature and self-justifying shape. So far, however, as this is concerned, we must allow Mr. Donnelly to be the best judge. As his work is deficient in completeness, so the very defects which he frankly acknowledges are a testimony to his own confidence in the work, so far as it has advanced, and his willingness to encounter all the censure and misconstruction which its imperfection must inevitably suggest to superficial or hostile readers. Mr. Donnelly evidently is not afraid of criticism. He does not abate and tone down the force and flavour of his facts and arguments, in order to suit the taste of idealizing critics who draw largely upon their imagination when they are writing about the personal history of Bacon and Shakspere. And in his cipher work he does not hesitate to submit his difficult and complicated calculations, which is undoubtedly in many instances open to amendment, to the fangs and claws of frolicsome and frivolous critics who will take the most delicious and malicious delight in tearing them to pieces.

The book is divided into two parts. The first part, which is contained in the first volume, is a general statement of the Baconian

* The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays. By Ignatius Donnelly. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1888.

argument, in its two primary divisions: 1st, the negative thesis that William Shakspere did not write Shakespeare; 2nd, the positive, that Francis Bacon did. The second part deals with the cipher.

So far as the first volume is concerned, we can speak of it in terms of almost unqualified praise. No more complete or masterly statement of the entire Baconian theory has ever been published. And the case is put in such a convincing and attractive form that while the most exacting reasoner may be satisfied, the dullest also will find himself interested, and even fascinated, by the romantic charms of the story and the vivacity of the narrator. Mr. Donnelly has the art of marshalling his facts and arguments in a most telling way. His chapters are not too long, and even these are broken up into sections, by which the argument is perpetually clinched and the interest sustained. Nearly every section settles some point in a distinct and conclusive way, and as there are about 186 separate sections in this volume of 500 pages, we may regard the book as containing so many separate strands in the cable by which the Baconian theory is anchored to the rock of indisputable fact. Mr. Donnelly's arguments are not merely assertions of his own. Nothing is produced that is unsupported by historical facts or critical opinions. Every statement is proved, so far as it is capable of proof, by references to and quotations from the most trustworthy authorities. It is curious, though perhaps not entirely strange, that many of the most forcible Baconian arguments are derived from the best Shaksperian authorities, such as Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and Mr. Richard Grant White. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps' large store of facts about Shakspere is necessarily often referred to, as it is the work of a diligent and conscientious historical and archæological student, who simply records what he finds, and does not embellish facts in order that they may support special foregone conclusions. And as there are no facts known relating to Shakspere that are not strong arguments in support of some aspect or other of the Baconian theory, it is natural for anyone writing an exposition of that theory to draw largely upon Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. The other great Shakspere authority to whom we referred is used in a very different way. Mr. Richard Grant White has written bitterly, savagely, unfairly about the Baconian theory. Yet, strange to say, no writer has put more forcibly than he many of the arguments on which Baconians rely. For instance, the premisses of the very obvious syllogism:—1st. The writer of Shakespeare was a well-trained lawyer; 2nd. William Shakspere was not a lawyer at all, and had no

opportunity for acquiring any exceptional legal knowledge; 3rd. Therefore William Shakspere did not write the Shakespeare poems;—all these syllogistic steps are given by Mr. R. G. White with the most callous frankness, *except the last*—the conclusion. And we know that if any one dared to draw the only possible conclusion from his own premisses, no scorn or insult could be too scathing for the luckless logician. Mr. Donnelly naturally accepts Mr. R. G. White's Baconian arguments, but, unlike him, allows them to gravitate according to the plain necessities of deductive reasoning. So it is with many other Shaksperian authorities. Their facts point one way, their conclusions another; consequently their facts pass naturally into the possession of those whom they regard as literary heretics and foes.

We cannot reproduce Mr. Donnelly's argument. From the necessity of the case it is cumulative, and Mr. Donnelly has shown inexhaustible industry and skill in collecting evidence from all sorts of witnesses and circumstances, always presenting it with the skill of a practised lawyer, with the eloquence of an earnest advocate, and with the enthusiasm of a poet in the highest sympathy with his subject. This portion of his work must ultimately command the attention which it deserves. Now that this masterly and comprehensive argument is before the public, it will be impossible for Shakspere advocates to ignore the case that is here made out against their idol. If scholars and critics resist this mountain of evidence, plain men and women will soon recognise its value, and the jury of Christendom must ultimately give in its verdict. The question cannot possibly be regarded as a crank only adopted by extreme, eccentric, and feeble fanatics. Literary critics may for a time continue to chatter this pernicious absurdity; the only result will be that they will bring the reviewer's craft into suspicion, and lead all reasonable people to think, enquire, and judge for themselves on other points beside this, despite these same critics. There are, indeed, two or three points in which we are not quite able to follow Mr. Donnelly. We do not believe that Bacon had the least sympathy with the treasonable designs of Essex. This would be to endorse the worst charges which Bacon's slanderers have brought against him. We believe that his action in reference to the Essex trial was entirely honest, and entirely consistent with all his previous relations, both to his friend and to the State. Also we do not think that Cecil is portrayed in the character of Richard III.—or that Bacon would have used his divine art in order to gratify private

resentments,—or that Bacon's antipathy to his cousin Cecil can be spoken of as resentment at all, but rather as distrust, want of sympathy, mixed with some degree of contempt for his character and statesmanship. Another point which seems to us doubtful, is Mr. Donnelly's somewhat allegorical or mystical interpretation of the *Tempest*. That there is a basis of reality in his view we readily grant. The play bears all the marks of a final farewell, and indicates a consciousness in the great artist that his work is complete, and his spell is broken. But we hesitate to follow Mr. Donnelly into the details of this speculation, or to regard Caliban, Miranda, Prospero, and the rest, as embodiments of Shakespearian *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Donnelly puts his case in a charming and forcible way, quite indifferent, and justifiably so, to the sneers and scoffs in which the *gamins* of literature are sure to indulge. But for all that we are content to take the grand Shakespearian *finale* as a *requiem* chanted in the Temple of the Universe, in which his own personal interests and circumstances dwindle to a vanishing point. The impersonality which marks the Shakespearian poems, and which has been a constant theme of wonder and criticism ever since they began to be seriously commented upon, does not desert him here. He retains to the last his sublime aloofness, and never once does he lay aside the magic robe of invisibility with which he has invested himself.

These, however, are but minor points, and scarcely qualify the admiration we are bound to express for the work as a whole. It is, we think, desirable that this great Baconian *Apologia* should be published by itself at no distant date, so that those who are unable to thread the mazes of the Cipher may be free to wander in the smooth plain levels of this luminous argument, without being embarrassed or entangled in the "thorny wood" of the cryptogram.

While, however, the whole of Mr. Donnelly's first volume is strong, it appears to us that the most thoroughly convincing portion is the 200 pages of parallelisms with which he concludes this portion of his work. Here are over 500 cases of more or less striking coincidences in expression, metaphors, opinions, quotations, studies, errors, use of unusual words, style and general characteristics, between Bacon and Shakespeare. Many of these are exceedingly forcible; even the weakest have some validity, and contribute their modicum of evidence to the vast mass, which in its entire accumulation is irresistible. On the whole, we regard the combined evidence, supplied by the general argument and the large collection of parallels, as perhaps the most

extraordinary specimen of circumstantial argument ever produced in any literature. We shall have to return to these parallelisms, and produce a few for the delight and instruction of our readers.

The second volume, containing the second part, we have said, deals with the cipher, and with reference to this there are several points to be considered.

1. The first impression which every one forms on hearing of a cipher story secreted in the text of the 1623 folio, is that as soon as it is presented it must carry with it the force of irresistible demonstration. Evidently this, or something approaching to it, was Mr. Donnelly's own impression when he began the deciphering process; for his message to English Baconians was constantly one of cheer and encouragement, because the end of our labours was at hand, and we should soon be in possession of evidence which the most determined scepticism would be powerless to resist. This natural expectation has not yet been realized, and we can now see that though the reality of the cipher may be undisputed, yet it is quite impossible, in the present stage of its development, to present it in such a way as to disarm opposition, and silence all cavil and scepticism. Even among Baconians its absolute genuineness must remain for the present a debateable point.

2. Another preliminary consideration is that, whether the cipher is real or not, it is certainly incomplete. As a story it is so. Mr. Donnelly drops into the middle of a narrative, and appears to have only a very doubtful clue as to the preceding and connecting scenes. And the machinery of the cipher is also extremely unfinished. Mr. Donnelly admits this himself; he allows that there is something empirical in his selection of sequences, and in the grouping of modifying numbers. He is satisfied he is right, partly by the results which are obtained by the use of one group of figures, and which cannot be obtained by any other. But all the steps by which the narration is worked out, so as to become a coherent and consistent story, cannot apparently be produced. The order in which the root numbers are taken, the mode in which they must be combined, the order of starting points, are not satisfactorily indicated. Mr. Donnelly believes he is on the point of discovering other rules, and when these are clearly apprehended the structure of the cipher narrative will be more apparent; but meanwhile, all hopes of immediate and irresistible demonstration must be abandoned.

3. It seems clear that in the present stage of the cipher development,

mere expression of opinion in reference to it is of small value, whether favourable or the reverse. The great majority of the reviews that have appeared are simply impertinences. The critics do not know what to make of it, but instead of frankly saying so they confuse themselves and their readers with all sorts of frivolous *à priori* speculations—which, however, they do not usually present as speculations, but as ascertained conclusions. We are not at present considering the periodical press except incidentally, in order to point out the sheer and fatuous absurdity of deciding such a question by mere sipping or sniffing at little points of style, or taste, or historical probability. Those who wish to know what Mr. Donnelly has really discovered must regard all these appeals to taste or probability, not only as utterly irrelevant, but as so much solemn trifling of a somewhat disingenuous character. No one has a right to offer himself as a guide to opinion in the matter unless he has investigated it scientifically, and is capable of doing so thoroughly. We do not care for opinions, or guesses. All the lectures of all the art critics and literary tasters in Christendom do not help forward the case one iota. We must turn to the mathematicians, and to those who have studied cryptographic arts, and demand of them facts and certainties, not guesses and gossip.

4. From all that we have said, it seems probable that more than mere interpretation will be required from the experts who are to pronounce upon the cipher. It might be inferred, as we have already suggested, that notwithstanding the postponements which have provoked impatience, it would have been well if Mr. Donnelly had waited longer in order to produce more perfect work. We do not think so. The cipher appears to rest upon a somewhat complicated combination of figures, grouped, modified and arranged according to various rules. If it was perfectly understood, probably the appearance of complexity would to a great extent disappear. Indeed, one of the greatest marvels about the whole business is, that these rules were ever discovered at all. It is in the highest degree improbable that Bacon, or any one else, would have secreted such a cunningly conceived mystery in that volume, and left the discovery of it to chance, when the hour and the man should arise. It is almost certain that the key for this deep enigma was left somewhere, with instructions for its publication after a fixed time. It is equally certain, that if such a key still exists, it is for the present hopelessly lost. It may turn up by accident at some future time, but meanwhile we must do the best we can without it. This being the case, it is evidently desirable that all who are capable

of contributing to the deciphering of the mystic story—whether by special training and experience, or by native bent of faculty,—should be invited to unearth this hidden treasure and bring all its parts into full daylight, and this is a sufficient justification for its publication in its present unfinished form. But it also confirms what we have already remarked, that all those who have not the exceptional gifts required for this investigation, should reserve their criticisms, refrain from dogmatism, and not allow their judgment on other and simpler issues to be silenced and paralyzed by the fact that they are bewildered or baffled by one element in a large and varied argument.

5. The immediate and necessary inference from these considerations is, that the cipher as a whole cannot be made a matter of certification by any large body of persons of variously constituted minds. The Bacon Society is no more competent to give an opinion about it than the critics of the *Times*, or *Spectator*, or *Saturday Review*. Its simple function appears to be limited to bringing the whole case thoroughly before the public, and especially it will be our aim to bring it under the examination of skilled investigators. We must take our sphinx to the appropriate Œdipuses. But they will not be asked to give opinions,—facts and proofs are required—not probable only, but demonstrative. Demonstration must come from scientific enquiry, not from literary tasting. In its present state, the only evidence that could be brought before the Society, as a whole, would be, *not* demonstration, but impressions of varying force, from mere surmise to entire conviction. And impressions of this kind already exist among ourselves. Some of our members have the greatest possible confidence in it, and are prepared to endorse it as a whole. Others are in a general sense friendly: they are persuaded that, by certain arithmetical calculations which they cannot clearly follow, words flow forth from the text of the folio and re-arrange themselves into a coherent and continuous narrative; but they do not see anything distinctly beyond this. Others think that Mr. Donnelly's work is only the first breaking of ground in a large field; that time, and skilled enquiry, and patient study by many minds must be brought to bear upon it, before its real nature can be thoroughly understood, or successfully expounded. While there are a few among us,—a small minority,—who disbelieve the cipher altogether. They do not profess to explain its origin in Mr. Donnelly's mind; that is not their department; but their own intellectual palate rejects either the cipher itself or the story which it professes to evolve, and

they turn aside to the older paths. It seems, therefore, that it is in the nature of things impossible at present for the Bacon Society to speak with entire unanimity.

6. Now this being a simple statement of the actual facts of the case, we must claim that all these varieties should treat one another with entire forbearance and goodwill. Evidence that comes short of demonstration is not a fixed force, but a very uncertain and fluctuating one: those, therefore, who are satisfied must bear with the hesitation of those who cannot find the same content; while, on the other hand, those who are unable to come to any conclusion, may rest quietly in their own indecision, without reflecting upon the good faith or intellectual competency of others. In all these cases, moral and logical considerations are very strangely compounded, and it is most difficult for any one to be at once thoroughly reasonable and entirely charitable. It is easy to convey bitter moral censure under a thin film of impartiality,—a discreditable course often taken by the infallible order of critics, who are able to base their harsh judgments on a good many antecedent impressions. For nearly every one brings with him an idea that we have here, either an apocalypse or a fraud; either a genuine disclosure of fact, or a criminal invention of fiction. This is, however, an impracticable—indeed, an entirely intolerable—attitude. First impressions of this order must be surrendered as experience broadens, and a general view of the nature of the cipher is presented. Taking into consideration its entire novelty, its apparently great complexity, the prodigious difficulty of even stating the case for or against it in words that shall convey no more and no less than bare and ascertained fact,—it is only reasonable to wait, and to refrain from violent, positive, and especially from hard, censorious verdicts.

7. There are, however, a good many antecedent considerations in favour of the Cipher, as at present offered to the public, which have scarcely received all the attention that they deserve. Here as elsewhere there is surely some validity in the exercise of that moral faith and business credit which lie at the basis of all human thought and of all practical negotiation. No one who has had any personal intercourse with Mr. Donnelly can for a moment doubt his entire honesty as well as his remarkable intellectual ability, and if the principle is to be assumed as an axiom that in this case self-deception is impossible, this persuasion of personal integrity and competency must be taken as a sufficient guarantee for the Cipher itself. The logic of this conclusion is irresistible, and may be reasonably used by

all those who are either unable or unwilling to examine for themselves. And yet even here the logical enclosure must not be shut up too tight; it must still be conceded that it is open to anyone who chooses to be so self-inconsistent as at once to believe in Mr. Donnelly and to disbelieve in his Cipher. On the other hand, it must on all sides be conceded that the very high merit of the first part of Mr. Donnelly's work, gives a strong presumption of validity in favour of the second. And we think that all fair critics will look at the book as a whole, and not make the unreasonable demand that every part of such a large argument should be equally adapted to all readers.

8. Among the many fantastic arguments and perverse inferences which this controversy has occasioned, perhaps the most sophistical of all is the confident assertion that the Cipher disposes of the Baconian theory. This logical monstrosity even takes two forms. Some critics say that if the Cipher is disproved all the other arguments fall to the ground with it; while one logical Paladin assures us that its acceptance by the Baconians is suicide, and that we shall all be drowned together in the same deeps, leaving the Cipher, we presume, floating triumphantly on the top. This, strange to say, is Mr. Appleton Morgan's whimsical fancy. All these freaks of self-willed criticism may be safely laid aside as simple, unmitigated nonsense. The laws of logic do not conflict any more than the laws of nature, and we may as Baconians investigate the Cipher without the least misgiving, being quite sure that, whether it is confirmed or discredited, our position is already secure and will remain so.

R. M. Theobald.

Appendix to the Foregoing Review of Mr. Donnelly's Book.

Opinions, we have already remarked, as such, whether hostile or favourable, are not of much importance; they are, in almost all cases, determined by the precedent bias of the writer or speaker. Very confident verdicts, pronounced by those who have given no real investigation to the subject—such as those which have appeared in most of the newspapers and journals—are, we do not hesitate to say, simply impertinences. But on the other hand, some value is to be attached to the impressions of those whose minds are familiar with the general question, and who are earnestly seeking for rational settlement of its doubtful features; it is only right that the mathematicians should speak first, and we think all unprejudiced persons

must be impressed by the following statements of Professor Colbert and Mr. Bidder:—

PROFESSOR COLBERT.

The following is from the *Chicago Tribune*, April 29, 1888:—

Last January the editor-in-chief of THE TRIBUNE placed in the hands of the writer advance sheets of "The Great Cryptogram," embracing so much of the work as had then been put in type, with the request to carefully scrutinize Mr. Donnelly's claim to have discovered a mathematical cipher in some of the Shakespearean plays as printed in the great folio edition of 1623. The claim that Bacon had injected into these plays the statement that he was the real author, and Shakspere merely his convenient mask, was so completely at variance with what had previously been accepted as the facts in the case that the writer was disposed to regard the task as a needless one. But it was undertaken as a matter of duty. The first volume was read through so as to gain a competent idea of the scope of the argument, and the sheets for the second volume were gone through more carefully as they came at intervals from the proof press. The alleged cryptogram was soon found to be wrapped up in such a maze of counting, with little apparent reason for much of it, as to intensify the initial distaste. Yet it was hard to resist the idea that there must be something like a system in the count. It should be remarked that there is nothing difficult in the processes employed. They belong to the simplest kind of arithmetic. The trouble lay in the alleged logic of the business, as it was well known to be easy enough to make up connected sentences by picking out words here and there from a printed page if the selective process be unhampered by rule. And after admitting for the sake of argument that the author had really the right to claim that he had discovered a cipher, there still remains the question whether or not he had the right to proceed through the book in what might be described as the "hop, skip, and jump" fashion. It suggested the remark about the serpent's trail which was so tortuous that "you don't know whether the snake is going out or coming back." Still the path in the dust, no matter how crooked, indicated that an ophidian had actually been there. So there were soon cumulative evidences of so much method in the madness of Donnelly, if madness it were, as to justify a patient continuing to the end of the work. . . . . .

Professor Colbert then summarizes the contents of Mr. Donnelly's book till he comes to the Cipher. He gives an account of Mr. Donnelly's work—how he steadily followed up the track from one clue to another till he found the root numbers on which the Cipher is

based. Professor Colbert then describes the method of using these numbers, and continues:—

This is all methodical. Its unfoldment betrays a wonderful amount of ingenuity as well as patience, and any one who takes the trouble to wade through the mass of figures pertaining to the work and its results may well be astonished. But the critic was not satisfied. He could see no good logical reason why the count should proceed backwards in some cases and forwards in others, and the same words be made to tell two different stories according as the count proceeds in the different directions indicated by the diagrams on pages 649, 650, and 651. When asked at this stage of the proceeding to give his private opinion to the editor-in-chief the critic replied substantially as follows:—

"I am willing to give present views on the distinct understanding of reserved right to change opinion after interview with Donnelly, which has been promised. Cannot see good reason for jumping about from one place to another, back and forth, to get cipher words. Am free to say that if it were possible for Bacon to have done me the honour of asking my opinion about the advisability of injecting such a cipher into the plays I would have replied he must be foolish to expect any one to discover it from reading the work."

The evening of March 10 brought a prolonged interview with Mr. Donnelly in the presence of his publisher. He was plied with questions in regard to reasons for the selection of numbers and use of methods noted above. He was willing to be frank after receiving a pledge of secrecy. He showed how he obtained the root numbers and other modifiers, by a process not more fanciful or arbitrary than that employed in deducing those for which the processes have been stated. He showed also that he had a definite plan of procedure in passing backwards or forwards in counting for words, and that his rules for the latter would apply legitimately to fully half the words so chosen, while the choice of the remaining portion was apparently arbitrary, so far as the position of the words is concerned, but perfectly according to the rule as to all the words themselves. At least this is true for all the words and sentences that were examined while in his company, and they were not selected by himself for that purpose. The expressions of the writer were so carefully guarded that Mr. Donnelly and his publisher were alike left in utter ignorance as to the result of the interview. On arrival at home the interviewer wrote the following to the editor-in-chief, who was then in Florida:—

"I am obliged to indorse the claim made by Donnelly that he has found a cipher in some of the plays. It can be intelligently traced by the aid of explanations given by him, some of which are only hinted at in the book. I do not say, nor does he claim, that he has discovered the

complete cipher; and I think it is quite probable that some of the readings he gives will bear modification in the light of subsequent knowledge. But the cipher is there, as claimed, and he has done enough to prove its existence to my satisfaction."

The statement that Donnelly does not claim to have discovered the complete cipher means more than might be supposed at a glance. He is not even sure of having got all the numbers correctly so far as he has proceeded, and thinks it not improbable that a much more simple method of picking out the words of the story will yet be found. He also avows it to be his conviction that several of the other plays will yet be ascertained to contain a cipher story or stories, some of them perchance much more interesting than the one he has picked out by piecemeal from *Henry IV.* And for so much as he has found he describes it as but part of a narrative the first portion of which is unknown. He compares his work to that of one who begins to listen to a conversation when the talk is half finished, and only hears a few passages, but hopes to be able to recover the rest before leaving the task.

Neither does he give in his book the whole of the material claimed by him to have been deciphered from the plays passed under review. Yet he presents more than enough to fill a column of THE TRIBUNE, and much of it is exceedingly interesting in a historical sense. Some of the cipher statements are remarkable, and seem destined to throw side-light upon literary fragments the value of which has not hitherto been understood. For instance: The cipher story tells of a great excitement in the Court of Queen Elizabeth over the so-called Shakespeare play of *Richard II.* and of an attempt on her part to find out the real author; also of her belief, which was impressed upon her by Cecil, who was Bacon's cousin, that the purpose of the play was treasonable, and that its stage representation was intended to incite to a civil war that would result in deposing her from the throne. This, and much more, accords with historical statements of events that occurred during the reign of "Queen Bess."

It may well be asked if all this is a jocular invention of the decipherer who made a mistake in not issuing his work on the first of April instead of a month later? The readers of Shakespeare must examine for themselves the chapters which treat of "The cipher in the plays" in order to form a conclusion. But it is probable that comparatively few will take the trouble of wading through the intricacies of the cipher, each for himself. Many have already formed an opinion from reading what has been written about it by men who have not seen the book. Some others are waiting for the results of examination by one in whom they have more confidence than in their own judgment. The consciousness of this imposes upon the critic a sense of responsibility which demands

a few words about the laws of probability as deduced by mathematicians from a study of what is often called "chance."

The probability that the random arrangement of ten words in a line will result in placing a designated one in a stated position, as the last, is one in ten. That is, there are ten chances, nine of which are against the occurrence. The probabilities of any stated number of such arrangements resulting in the same way is equal to the continued product of the separate probabilities. Hence, if there were ten such arrangements of ten words each the chance that the designated word would occupy (say) the last place in each is only one in ten billions.* Now, this is only an approximate statement of the chances against the fortuitous establishment of such a set of verbal relations as are described to have been found in the plays before the actual cipher scheme was stumbled upon. It is not pretended that this is an exact statement of the vast odds, the critic not caring to undertake the trouble involved in the computation. Now, if it be also remembered that the cipher count will not bring out these arrangements if applied to any other edition of the plays than the folio of 1623 and the two others which were subsequently reproduced *verbatim et literatim* as actual page copies of that work, the evidence in favour of the claim is still more pronounced. It is too much to say that the application of the Donnelly cipher *moduli* would not bring out a single connected sentence from one of the ordinary editions, or that some other alleged rule might not be devised that would hit a number of words which would bear arrangement to form a few connected sentences. The writer has already stated, in his allusion to Dickens, one coincidence, which proves nothing. The fact that a designated event happens at the first trial, in spite of the existence of great odds against it, is no proof of intelligent selection. But where so many concur the evidence of design can no more be resisted than in the case of Paley's watch, from which he argued the fact of a designer and maker, and thence proceeded to prove the existence of a God.

After having thus answered the question put to him as an expert the writer may take the liberty of stating his opinion that in a historical sense a part of the cipher story revealed in the book is not worth the telling, and the latter portion is decidedly problematical, as the verifications are not given. This, however, does not disprove the existence of a cipher running through the first and second parts of *Henry IV.*, any more than does the averment on page 730 that Cecil wrote to Queen Elizabeth about Shakspere having been born and bred in one of the

* The figures are 10,000,000,000, which, in the arithmetical notation used in England, is ten thousand millions. In America and France the shorter notation is used, and what we express as a thousand millions is there called a billion.—Ed.

peasant towns of the west. Stratford is very nearly half-way between the east and west shores of England on a line drawn through Warwickshire, but it is about eighty miles north-*west* from London, and Cecil is represented to be writing simply on hearsay as to the origin of "Will," nor would Bacon have been justified in altering the language of Cecil's letter, even if he knew the description to be inaccurate. . . . .

This already long article may be closed with a reference to a curious confirmation of a point stated in Donnelly's book by an examination made since his arrival in London. On page 920 he calls attention to the fact that every page in each of the first three folio editions contains exactly the same amount of matter, the beginnings and endings of the respective pages in the editions of 1623, 1632, and 1664 being precisely the same, "proving that they were printed from one another, if not the same type." The examination referred to shows that a different set of types was used for these editions. In other words the work was set up "all over again," without the elimination of a single seeming blunder in paging, hyphenating, bracketing, or italicising, or any attempt to relieve the inconvenient overcrowding of some of the pages by transferring a portion of their matter to others that were little more than half full. Whether or not this proves that some surviving friend of Bacon was in the secret, and did his best to perpetuate the cipher without revealing it at the time, may be left to the reader to infer; but the supposition seems quite plausible. The writer submits it as his conviction that Mr. Donnelly must be conceded to have penetrated far more deeply into the heart of the great mystery of the authorship of the immortal dramas than has any previous investigator, or than all put together. His work on the cipher will terribly "Shake" the Bard of Avon on the pedestal of his fame, if it do not prove to be the "Speare" that gives the death blow to his reputation as writer of the plays which bear his name, and will possibly continue to do so. In the minds of multitudes who read the book the "Great Cryptogram" will topple William Shakspeare from the throne which he has occupied for nearly three centuries, while others will still fondly cling to their dramatic idol and refuse to give him up. It should, however, be noted that the cipher, so far as developed, does not prove that Bacon wrote any of the plays except the first and second parts of *Henry IV*. Even if it be conceded that he was the author of all the historical plays there is still room left for the supposition that such works as *The Tempest* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* were the productions of Shakspere.

ELIAS COLBERT.

GEORGE PARKER BIDDER, ESQ., Q.C., F.R.S.A.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Donnelly in England, Mr. James Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, asked him if he would be willing to submit advance proofs of his book to some mathematical expert to be selected by himself, who was to carefully examine the same, and decide as to the reality of his claim that there was a Cipher narrative in the text of the Shakespeare plays. Mr. Donnelly agreed to do so, and Mr. Knowles selected one of the most eminent mathematicians in England, G. P. Bidder, Esq. Written copies of Mr. Bidder's report to Mr. Knowles have been privately circulated; the letter was a private one, and therefore cannot be reproduced *in extenso*. The following, however, will give some idea of its nature:—

House of Commons, April 19, 1888.

My dear Sir,—I have given a good many hours to the examination of the proof of Mr. Donnelly's book, so far as the method of the cryptogram is dealt with, and write to let you know the opinion I have formed.

In the first place I am *amazed* at the stupendous industry and perseverance shown, and the ingenuity with which Mr. Donnelly has followed up his clues. The numerical coincidences in the position of words which he has discovered in the plays—notably of suggestive words, such as "Bacon," "St. Albans," &c.,—are very remarkable, so remarkable in fact, that my own strong belief is that they cannot possibly be due to chance. And considering this in connection with the extraordinary peculiarities of the text which he points out, both as regards typography and paging, and as regards the unnatural introduction of words into the text, I am further strongly inclined to the opinion that Mr. Donnelly is probably right in his conclusion that there is a Cipher interwoven—possibly several—and very probably by Bacon. But I am not satisfied that Mr. Donnelly has got the complete cue.

Here Mr. Bidder proceeds to discuss at some length the defects in Mr. Donnelly's work, which prevents it, in his judgment, from being a complete and perfect Cipher. Mr. Bidder concludes his letter thus:—

I cannot help thinking that Mr. Donnelly is a little premature. He deserves immense credit for what he has done; but I think there is more to do before his ground is made good, and I have good confidence that he will in the end succeed. But I rather regret his work being submitted to criticism, in many cases hostile, while still imperfect.

I remain, yours truly,

George P. Bidder.

SIR JOSEPH NEALE M'KENNA, M.P.

The following appeared in *The Nation* newspaper:—

67, Lancaster Gate, London, May 8, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to the article in your "Notes and Comments" of last week touching the above [the Shakespeare-Bacon-Donnelly Controversy], permit me to hope *The Nation* will pause, until Mr. Donnelly has said all that he can say, before pronouncing any final judgment on the case already made by Mr. Donnelly. I have had for many years of my life considerable practice in the construction of cryptograph notes and messages for the purposes of secrecy, brevity, and economy. I am familiar with the Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy (apart from the cryptogram altogether) touching the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. I therefore approach the subject of "the great cryptogram," without the least hope of being able to offer any defence to a charge of rashness and negligence, if made against me hereafter, in the assumed possible event of the proof of the fallacy of Mr. Donnelly's alleged discovery. I am not nervous however. I have rapidly, but sufficiently, examined the evidence: my own notes on which would surpass the limit of what I could reasonably ask you to publish. My conclusions, however, *arrived at on evidence*, are definite and compact. They are as follows:—

1. Shakspere wrote none of the plays or sonnets, published as his during his lifetime or since.

2. Lord Bacon wrote some of them, and presumably all.

3. There are reasons, indicated not in cryptogram, but in the text of one of the plays, for Bacon, the now assumed author, suppressing his own name, and substituting Shakspere's as the author, before the public, of his historic dramas.

The passage which Mr. Donnelly has taken direct from the text as the legend to his book, is that to which I now refer; it is from the 1st part of *Henry IV.*, Act I., scene iii., and runs thus:—

> And now I will unclaspe a secret booke.
> And to your quick conceiving discontents
> I'll reade you matter deepe and dangerous.
> As full of perill and adventurous spirit
> As to o'erwalke a current roaring loud
> On the *unsteadfast footing of a speare.*

The author puts these words into the mouth of Worcester in the play—the whole scene is fraught with political suggestion, bearing on the sacredness and dignity—*or otherwise*—of the monarch. If Bacon in those days touched upon such topics, he might well be anxious that the queen should not suspect him to be the audacious author; but of course Will Shakspere knew the author, the very name indicating what is

covertly alluded to in the last line. All this, however, is by the way. What I assert is that there is a genuine, demonstrated, mathematically-constructed cryptogram in the text of the play (*Henry IV.*) which tells the story; and it is impossible to maintain that the printer, editor, or publisher of the folio edition of 1623 was not privy to the enfolding of the cryptogram in the text of the edition published in that year. I do not go into minor points, none of which, however, in the slightest degree derogate from the certainty with which I have already pronounced my own opinion or judgment for whatever it may be worth as a tribute of respect to Ignatius Donnelly as a great champion of truth and a great lover of justice.

I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

JOSEPH N. M'KENNA.

It is worth while observing here that several of the speeches made by or to Worcester in this scene have the same ambiguous quality, as if the speaker uttered the words with a wink of intelligence to the reader, hinting at some other book to be read besides that from which he is reciting. Thus after the interchange of a few more speeches, these words follow:—

> He apprehends a world of figures here,
> But not the form of what he should attend.—
> Good cousin, give me audience for a while
> And list to me.

And almost immediately afterwards we have,—

> You start away
> And lend no ear unto my purposes.

Worcester, finding his interlocutor (Hotspur) too preoccupied to attend, adds:—

> Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you
> When you are better tempered to attend.

Hotspur still starts aside, but ultimately becomes attentive:—

> Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
> WOR. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
> We'll stay your leisure.

"THE PHILADELPHIA EVENING STAR."

The following is taken from the Philadelphia *Evening Star* of May 4th, 1888. After some very favourable criticisms of the first part of Mr. Donnelly's book, the reviewer proceeds:—

But strong as is the logical portion of the book, and fascinating as is its literary style—so that its merits will lie readily within grasp of the mass of the readers, and will not at all require that one should be a

Shakespearean student to appreciate them—Mr. Donnelly bases no especial claim on his logic or style of expression. His great claim rests on the second half of his book, wherein he gives demonstration of the existence of the cipher narrative, with very full extracts from it. Even here, with a modesty rare among literary men, he claims nothing more for his great life work, which, as he says, has cost him years of "incalculable toil," than this—that, beyond the finding of the first clue, it has been simply an elaborate task in mathematics. But what a task, if it were only that—though it is really more! Only to an indomitable nature would the contemplation of such a task have been possible at all. Sisyphus himself might have fancied his endless work of rolling the boulder up a hill almost an exhilarating outdoor exercise—a sort of crude but classic base ball—in comparison with this brain-racking work continued through a series of years, with no let-up from the strain but the recreation got in the meantime by the writing of other books and lectures!

But "the end crowns the work." Lucidity and force are primary qualities of Mr. Donnelly's writings; and as the first part of the book does not exact that one shall have acquaintance with Shakespeare to become absorbed in it, so the second part—the cipher narrative—does not need that one should be an expert accountant to comprehend its strength. The advance specimens of the cipher that have appeared in the newspapers were of course few and fragmentary. Here we have the consecutive story as worked out, arranged with the utmost clearness; a glance at any page of the narrative is enough to show the systematic interdependence of the cipher-numbers, which underlie every word. The five root-numbers and their "modifiers," as the author calls them, follow each other in serried array with military precision. And one glance at the story they unfold likewise shows as plainly an unfailing purity of diction, and a steadfastly historical or narrative quality.

The character of the narrative, whether we view it in its literary aspect, or in its historical significance, or in its biographic accordance with what we already knew of the people it deals with, is not less extraordinary than the process by which it is revealed. Of course the cipher narrative will be the battle-ground of the work; it is here that the controversy which will inevitably ensue will rage most fiercely, but in reducing his contention to a mathematical basis, it seems to us that Mr. Donnelly has narrowed down the field of possible disputation to the minimum; if, indeed, he has left any ground for disputation at all—and we cannot see it; while the results which he has to show for his calculations, so far as he has pushed, make him master of the field, and throw his opponents at once on the defensive.

For, if Mr. Donnelly has made a single miscount, his critics should be able to demonstrate it. He gives the page, and the number on the

page of every cipher-word. It would, of course, be an easy matter for anybody to pick out words from the pages of the plays that would make a consecutive story; but here we have a story which is consecutive; which is grammatical; which is written in the purest English, with a rhetoric striking alike by its force and its simplicity, and which retains the very flavour of the Elizabethan age; and all the words corresponding with certain root numbers, which never vary, save according to certain modifiers. This could not be the work of chance. It rests with those who may deny the possibility of the cipher to explain away this startling fact—if they can. Months ago, when the book was first agitated in the press, a leading London journal said in substance that the question resolves itself into this—either that Mr. Donnelly was deceiving himself and there was no cipher; or, there was a cipher and Mr. Donnelly has found it.

To read the book thoroughly, so as to form a complete and honest judgment on it as a whole, will be for most persons a matter of weeks. But let anybody take any one of the cipher pages, as we have done, and a glance at its symmetrical structure will suffice, at once, to exclude the idea that Mr. Donnelly has deceived himself. The figures are there. They are not there arbitrarily. It is inconceivable how they could be put there by any system of self-deception; and no other conclusion appears possible than the alternative suggested by the London editor—that there is a cipher and Mr. Donnelly has found it.

If his figures are correct—and on that point we can ask no better authority than Professor Colbert, of Chicago—evidently an unwilling witness, by the way, for he says: "I am compelled to endorse Mr. Donnelly's claim," and Mr. George Bidder, a celebrated English astronomer, whose report is to the same effect—then Mr. Donnelly has made out his case, and we believe he clearly has. But we expect nothing so surely, in the way of immediate outcome, as brisk controversy. It will take time even for figures to affect the prepossessions of centuries, the traditions of Shakspere, the veneration in which he is held—that is to say, the plays are held—and we need not expect that a book which antagonises the prevailing sentiment of mankind, and which is so elaborate and exhaustive that the writing of it has taken all of ten years, will alter the judgment of mankind immediately.

COUNT VITZTHUM D'ECKSTADT.

We are permitted to give the following extracts from a letter by this very accomplished scholar, received May 18th, 1888:—

Will you be good enough to convey to Mr. Donnelly my sincerest congratulations. I do not know whether the opinion of an old diplomat may be of any value to him. At any rate, I give it you. . . Taking the

first volume alone, it is absolutely conclusive. It is a fair, scientific investigation, most skilfully conducted and complete. I do not know which to admire most, the industry, the extreme ingenuity, or the strong power of reasoning shown in these volumes. The style is perfect, terse, business-like, and always to the point. The reader himself assists in the inquiry. Every honest man, after reading the first volume, must come to the conclusion that the Shakespeare theory has no leg to stand upon. Those who have not studied the book have no voice in the question. Mr. Donnelly may safely appeal to posterity, as Lord Bacon did. . . It is certain that the cipher exists, though whether the actual key by which it is to be unlocked has been yet found, may be doubtful. I can never believe that Bacon left this discovery to mere chance, and it has been a chance that a man has been found in the nineteenth century ingenious and persevering enough to find and to trace out the existence of a cipher. I am convinced that Bacon left the MSS., together with the key, either to Percy or Sir Tobie Mathew, with authority to publish the secret after his death. But the Civil War broke out, and the trustees may have thought that under the rule of Cromwell and the Puritans the memory of Bacon, as a philosopher, would have been lost (ruined) if it were published that he was the author of the plays. In the interest of their deceased friend they may have destroyed the MSS. of the plays, together with the key. It is well known that the Puritans detested play-wrights and play-actors, and that nearly 100 years after Bacon's death Marlowe and Shakespeare were completely forgotten. . . Does Mr. D. know that on the Continent there are clerks in every foreign office able to decipher everything, even those telegrams, written in a cipher, of which they do not possess the key? It may be useful to consult these specialists known as *Déchiffreurs*.

MRS. HENRY POTT.

The editor and annotator of the *Promus* is fully persuaded that all Mr. Donnelly's statements are correct. She writes:—

With regard to the cipher part of Mr. Donnelly's book, it appears to me that the fact of the cipher being there, and of the matter and narratives enclosed in it being as Mr. Donnelly has stated, is beyond question. All those who have expressed themselves competent to understand it, and who have been able to give time to the close examination of the arithmetical calculations, of the sequence of words by means of these calculations, and of the doctrine of chances against or in favour of that sequence, have come to the same conclusion,—namely, that the cipher exists as Mr. Donnelly has demonstrated.

The dissentients from this opinion seem to consist of persons who

either profess themselves unwilling to credit the extraordinary facts connected with the discovery, or who candidly admit their own mathematical incapacity, or their powers of patience in following Mr. Donnelly's marvellously persevering and laborious researches.*

The first of these, it might be presumed, should not rest satisfied with *disapproving* or discrediting statements of such weight, and which open the door to such tremendous issues. They should either take the pains to study and to *disprove* them, or, if they cannot do this, they should try to cultivate a little faith in the honesty and ability of others who, having tried and tested the work, are satisfied that, marvellous as it is, it is genuine, and not to be upset or controverted. It seems to be indubitably proved that a long, coherent, grammatical, rhetorical, and historical narrative, containing thousands of words, has been found in a text found on a few pages of the Folio of 1623, *and all derived from one number.* It is absolutely impossible that this could occur, unless the words had first been arranged in the text by design.

Professor Colbert has shown it to be a fact that by the law of chances there is not one chance against ten thousand millions that ten coherent words can occur at regular arithmetical distances apart in ten groups of ten words each. Other mathematicians and arithmeticians who have examined the cryptogram give opinions in accordance with Professor Colbert, and those who have gone the most deeply into the subject, and who have worked hardest at the figures, are they who most heartily endorse Mr. Donnelly's statement. The following conclusions, therefore, seem to follow:—

1. That there is a Cipher in Parts I. and II. of the play of *King Henry IV.*, which proves Bacon to have been the author of the plays.

2. That the Cipher numbers which tell the story are produced by multiplying one of the pages embraced in scene ii. of 2 *Henry IV.*, with one of the three numbers found on the first column of page 74—viz., the number of bracketed words, italic words, or hyphenated words on that column.

3. That in the progress of the narrative those numbers are modified by deducting from them the number of words found in the six divided portions, or fragments of scenes found in the first column of page 73 and the second column of page 74, the Cipher story moving forward or backward from the line which separates the two parts of 1st and 2nd *Henry IV.*, in accordance with the rules laid down in Mr. Donnelly's work.

4. That the Cipher rule is not haphazard or arbitrary, as some have said, but systematic, regular, and consistent with itself, so far as it goes, and the narrative worked out by it approximately correct.

* "Be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of thine own."—*Ben Jonson*, "Every Man in his Humour."

5. That the imperfections in minor details to which Mr. Donnelly draws attention are, as he modestly says, "due, not to the maker of the Cipher, but to the decipherer," and we unite with Mr. Donnelly in the belief that wherever a sentence is not mathematically exact, or wherever a gap or flaw in the work occurs, it will, with the further time and labour which Mr. Donnelly is bestowing upon it, be corrected, and the rule brought to absolute perfection.

MR. DONNELLY'S SELF-DEFENCE.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a paper published May 16th, challenged Mr. Donnelly, among other perplexing points, to explain how he managed to find the word Gan-gate (Guinegate), page 805, in two different columns, six pages apart. Mr. Donnelly, page 807, says: "The reality of the cipher is demonstrated in the fact that I did not know that Henry VIII. ever invaded France and captured a town called Guinegate, until I found this statement brought out by the number 333 radiating from column 1 of page 79, and applied to the pages and fragments of pages of the text." Here is a case, the *Pall Mall* asserts, in which self-deception is impossible. Either the word was derived as Mr. Donnelly explains, or the statement he makes is a deliberate falsehood. The following is Mr. Donnelly's reply:—

Life is too short to permit me to reply to the innumerable comments and criticisms, often very shallow and unjust, which are now being made upon my book and myself. They run through the whole gamut, from mild misrepresentation to the brutal suggestion, in the last issue of the *Sunday Times*, to lynch me. But in your case you not only invite, you insist upon, a reply. I trust you will, therefore, give place to the following:—

In the first instance you comment upon my refusal to reveal the source from which I obtain the five root-numbers, 505, 506, 513, 516 and 523. If I thought the acceptance of my theory, by the English critics, depended upon the revelation of the origin of those numbers and proof that they were derived, in strict accordance with the system which underlies all the Cipher, from one primal number, I should promptly make the whole matter known. If the London editors will agree that that omission alone prevents them from acknowledging the reality of my discovery, I will publish the explanation to-morrow. But I do not believe anything of the kind is possible, for the reason that when the book was sent, by my publishers, to the reviewers of the five leading London dailies, they accompanied each copy with a note, in which they said that the source of those numbers had been withheld by me at the request of my publishers, but that I was willing to give the explanation, in confidence, to the reviewers if they desired it. Not

only did none of the gentlemen in question call upon me for the proffered information, but one of them even proceeded to declare that the numbers were without a common origin, and were purely arbitrary! This may be considered fair treatment in England, but we should not call it such in America.

Now, I will make you this offer:—If you will say in your paper that it is absolutely impossible that the thousands of words in the Cipher story (given in my book) could all have come out, in half-a-dozen pages of the folio, *by accident*, and *all be primarily derived from and resolvable into one number*, I will reveal to you, in confidence, what that number is. If, for instance, that number is 740 (page 74 multiplied by the ten bracketed words on the first column of the page), there are 739 chances against one that the Cipher word needed will be the 740th word. If now, the first six words of the Lord's Prayer—"*Our Father who art in heaven*"—are found, each of them standing as the 740th word, one after the other in a composition, there is but one chance against 232,065,922,400,000, or one chance against 232 *billions*, that this could happen by accident! This is, in fact, an impossibility; for one chance in 232 billions is, I might say, no chance at all. But if we found the whole of the Lord's Prayer so embedded in the text, at intervals of 740 each, there are scarcely any figures conceivable by the human mind that could express the impossibility of such an arrangement being the result of accident. No man, not a born idiot, would suppose that chance could produce such a marvel. And if this is true of the Lord's Prayer, containing but fifty-eight words, how much more incredible is it that a vast historical narrative, running through two hundred pages of my book, could by accident all be derived from one primal root-number; not scattered through hundreds of pages, but all found on a few consecutive pages of the Folio of 1623! And moreover this narrative does not consist of broken fragments, having no connection with, or contradictory of, each other; but each is a continuation of and a corroboration of the rest; and they all agree with the historical facts that have come down to us regarding the era referred to.

I repeat my question: Will you agree to admit the reality of the Cipher, if I demonstrate to you that every word in the Cipher narrative is derived from *one* number, and that number obtained by as clear a process as that which gave us 740 in the above example? Or will you assert that one thousand words could, *by accident*, come out of the number 740, on ten pages of the Folio; which thousand words cohere arithmetically, grammatically, rhetorically, and historically? Take one horn of the dilemma or the other.

You will, of course, fall back upon the fact that the primal root-numbers are modified by deducting therefrom certain fragments of scenes found on pages 73 and 74. True; but if they were not so modified

you would soon come to the end of the cipher narrative. There are in those ten pages, exclusive of pp. 73 and 74, but about forty breaks in the text from which to count: if we counted up and down from these forty points of departure, with 740, this would give us about eighty words, or a narrative a little longer than the Lord's Prayer, and we would not obtain the hundreds of thousands of words embraced in the hidden narrative. But the chance of one thousand words in ten pages being each the 740th word is as one against such an array of numbers that mankind has not yet invented words to express them. Now, you can reduce this impossibility on account of the modifiers one-half, yes, three-fourths, or even nine-tenths, and you will still have one chance against an incalculable number.

Practically there is little difference between finding the Lord's Prayer where the words stand consecutively 10, 10, 10, 10, &c., in regular order; and finding them standing as the tenth word each, up or down from the beginning or end of the fragments of one scene or one act. And what would be said if we found that not the Lord's Prayer alone, but the whole book of Genesis, came out in the play of *2nd Henry IV.*, each word being the tenth word from the beginning or end of a scene or fragment of a scene; not skipping from one end of the play to the other, but running along in regular order, the first chapter being found in the first scene, the second in the second, &c.? And this is what we have in my book. If you will turn to pages 649, 650, and 651, you will see that certain parts of the story start on certain columns and are found on the next columns following. For instance, I show on pages 671 to 683, inclusive, that the whole story of Bacon receiving the bad news starts from the first column of page 74, and the words are found on the second column of that page, or are carried through the breaks on that column to the next succeeding column; and that out of 248 words, on that second column of page 74, 105 are cipher words, derived from 505, 506, 513, 516, and 523; and I am willing to show you, I repeat, that every one of these 105 words *is derived from one primal root-number, and tell you just how that root-number is obtained*, provided that you will, if I do so, confess that the Cipher is a reality. Do you believe, for instance, that a narrative of 105 words, every one of which was, we will say, the 740th word, could, by accident, start from the same point, be found on the same column, being the next succeeding column, and constitute nearly one-half the words found on that column? If you can believe that—in the face of "the doctrine of chances"—nothing that I could say to you, or your brethren, could possibly shake you. "If one rose from the dead" you would pronounce him an optical illusion.

But you will say, perhaps, as some of the critics have said, that anybody can construct any kind of narrative, with any sort of number, every word being of the same number from the beginnings and end of

the scenes or fragments of scenes of the first act of 2*nd Henry IV. But it will be observed that no one has yet done it.* I do not say that some experimenter might not hit upon some of the many Cipher numbers which run through that text; but I challenge the sceptical to take, say, the number 500, and produce anything like the results shown in my book. I doubt if they can find five words which they can twist into any semblance of sense; and as to making a reasonable, historical narrative out of that number, it is utterly impossible. Sit down yourself, Mr. Editor, and try it, and when you have experimented for a week or two you will, I think, concede the reality of the Cipher in "The Great Cryptogram."

But you ask me to prove that I did not know at a certain time that which I state I did not know at that time. My dear Mr. Editor, you are unreasonable. It is hard enough for any of us to prove that we do know something now; it is impossible for witnesses to penetrate into the recesses of our brains, lift up the folds of our memories, and establish what we did not know six months ago. Neither are you fair when you say I do not show how I procured the root-number 338. You will find it given on page 695, and in half-a-dozen other places in my book. It is simply the root-number 505 less 167, and 167 represents the words in the second sub-division of col. 2, page 74, between the first word and the last word of the same. I even give a diagram, on page 694, to illustrate the derivation of this number; and I show that the entire story of Shakspere's life, running through many pages of my book, and many hundreds of words, is derived from that same second sub-division of col. 2, page 74, *intermixed with no other.*

You misapprehend me also in another respect. You state that the numbers "31, 32, 50, are what he calls modifying numbers." This is not so. If you will turn to page 79 of the facsimiles given in my book, to wit, page 79 of the Folio of 1623, you will find that Act 1st of the play ends at the top of that page; and that there are in that fragment 31 words; and that the first word of Act 2nd is the 32nd word. These are the 31 and 32 given above. And not only do the words you cite, "They fortify the town of Gan-gate," originate from this precise point of the text—to wit, from the last word of Act 1 or the first word of Act 2—but scores upon scores of other words, given in connection with that sentence and forming part of the same story, also come from that point. So that we have not only the marvel that every word of the narrative in question is the 338th word, but that every word starts from the same page and column, and scores of them from the same precise point of departure. Turn to page 813, and you will find this sentence, which originates from this same point of departure, alternating in regular succession:—

338 — 31 = 307 — 5 b (31) = 302..... 222—78—2 with
338 — 32 = 306 — 5 b (32) = 301..... 154—77—2 his
338 — 31 = 307 — 5 b (31) = 302..... 155—77—2 quick
338 — 32 = 306 — 5 b (32) = 301..... 267—77—2 wit
338 — 31 = 307 — 5 b (31) = 302..... 373—76—1 and
338 — 32 = 306 — 5 b (32) = 301..... 154—77—2 his
338 — 31 = 307 — 5 b (31) = 302..... 222—78—1 big
338 — 32 = 306 — 5 b (32) = 301..... 257—77—2 belly.

Apply to this "the law of chances," and calculate how many quintillions there are, against one, that these coherent words could come out by accident. But it will be said that in working these out I have had the benefit of an immense number of modifiers. Not at all. If you turn to my book you will find that the only modifiers used, in this sentence, are the figure 30 five times, and the figure 50 twice. Neither are these words scattered over the whole play, or the whole act, but they are found on three consecutive pages, 76, 77, and 78, or rather on four columns of these three pages. And observe, too, that every word is not only 505 — 167 = 338, and 338 — 31 or 32, but that in each case we also count in the five bracket words found in that fragment of 31 words.

But you say:—Why are "*gan*" and "*gate*" so widely separated, the one being on 75, 2 the other on 81. 2. If you had read page 833 carefully you would have found that where the cipher number is created by deducting the end of a scene or act, it is carried to the ends of other scenes, pages, and acts: 306 and 307 are created by deducting from 338 the fragment referred to at the end of Act 1, found on col. 1, page 79; and hence it is carried right and left to other scenes, pages, and acts; and you will observe that as the count in question originates from the *end of scene 4th, act 1st*, if we go backward to reach 75. 2, where "*gan*" is found, we have *seven* columns, to wit, 78. 2; 78. 1; 77. 2; 77. 1; 76. 2; 76. 1; 75. 2; while if we commence from the *beginning of the same 4th scene, act 1st*, we again pass over *seven* columns, to wit, 78. 2; 79. 1, 79. 2; 80. 1, 80. 2; 81. 1; 81. 2, to reach the word *gate;* so that the two words are not only derived from the same number 338; but 338 less 32 (that is the difference between the top of col. 1, page 79, and the first word of act 2, scene 1); and that again they are both modified by the same common modifier, 30 (the last subdivision of 74. 2); the one going *seven* columns *backward*, from the *end* of the 4th scene, the other *seven* columns *forward* from the *beginning* of the scene. Can all this be accidental?

If you had turned to page 825 and read the note at the foot of the page you would also have seen that the apparent mistake as to the numbering of the word "fortify" is fully explained. The "205-76-1 = *the*" is a typographical error; it should be 205-75-2; this is self-evident from the fact that there are three hyphens on 76. 1 and only one on 75. 2.

Now, I do not pretend to say, Mr. Editor, that you cannot pick flaws in the workmanship of the cipher; in fact, I admit its imperfections time and again in my book. But would it not be better and fairer to acknowledge the truth of what is real in the work and extend a helping hand to the finding out of that which is not fully elaborated? What would you say of the astronomer who, finding spots on the sun, would write a treatise to blackguard the great luminary, and declare that there was no sun at all? The first great all-important question is—*Is there a cipher in the plays?* It is not, Has Mr. Donnelly worked it all out? Give us your honest judgment on that first question.

This letter was introduced by the following editorial paragraph:—

We have received from Mr. Donnelly the following reply to the review of his book recently published in our columns under the title, "The Mammoth Mare's Nest." Is Mr. Donnelly prepared to meet a committee of inquirers, and to explain by word of mouth the why and wherefore of his arithmetical gymnastics—the committee to include besides Shakespearian scholars a mathematician skilled in the theory of probabilities?

To which Mr. Donnelly replied:—

Sir,—In your issue of the 25th inst. you ask: "Is Mr. Donnelly prepared to meet a committee of inquirers, and to explain by word of mouth the why and wherefore of his arithmetical gymnastics, the committee to include besides Shakespearian scholars a mathematician skilled in the theory of probabilities?" I would say in reply that I am ready to accept your proposition, with certain modifications: In the first place, I do not see the necessity of having Shakespearian scholars on the committee, or Baconian scholars either, for that matter. It is purely a question of mathematics, of arithmetic, of the law of chances. I shall be very glad to meet a committee of prominent mathematicians, fair-minded, unprejudiced men, who are ready to follow the truth, whether it turns their faces to Stratford or St. Albans. If the Cipher is a reality, all preconceptions must give way to it. If it is not, the argument stands where it stood before I wrote my book.

To ensure a fair jury, I will ask, as I am a stranger in the land, that the names of the proposed committee be submitted to the Bacon Society for their approval. I have heard of one so-called Shakespearian scholar who, when a friend told him he thought there was a Cipher in the plays, replied, "If you prove to me there is a Cipher in the plays, I will show you it is not there!" I would not want that kind of man on the committee. To an impartial jury I will reveal whatever I have held back

in my book, and I will ask them to give, after hearing what I have to say, their judgment on these four questions :—

1. Is there an arithmetical cipher in the plays of 1st and 2nd *Henry IV.*?

2. Is it constructed upon the plan stated in the Great Cryptogram?

3. Are all the words of the narrative contained in the Great Cryptogram derived from one primal number?

4. Is the narrative contained in the Great Cryptogram approximately correct?

Should you propose to attempt the construction of such a committee I would suggest that you place yourself in communication with Dr. R. M. Theobald, hon. secretary of the Bacon Society, 5, Grosvenor-street, London. It can certainly bring only enduring honour to the *Pall Mall Gazette* if it assists, in any way, in the solution of the greatest vexed question in English literature.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, very truly yours,

IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

May 25.

Mr. Donnelly's reply is worth reproducing, because it gives a remarkable illustration of the recklessness with which many of the criticisms were written. We have reason to know that not only was the offer to which Mr. Donnelly refers made to the London Editors, but a copy of Mr. Bidder's letter was sent to them. In fact, every facility for obtaining full and accurate knowledge was given, but no notice was taken of this offer. It is also not a little significant that most of the daily papers published long, elaborate, and very positive reviews on May 1st, the very day on which the book was published. Reasonable and skilled investigators required some weeks, in order to form their opinions on such a novel and intricate question. These omniscient gentlemen knew all about it before they had had time to do more than cut the 1,000 pages and smell their paper-knives.

Up to the time of going to press no further reference has been made to this very fair response which Mr. Donnelly makes to the challenge of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The representatives of this paper appear to think it quite open to them to bring a constructive charge of roguery against Mr. Donnelly, to challenge him to submit to a special test which they deem satisfactory, but to allow his acceptance of the challenge to remain unnoticed, and the original constructive imputation not withdrawn.

So far as the Press notices of *The Great Cryptogram* are concerned, there is little to be said. There is, however, one unfortunate circumstance which has been repeated in almost all these reviews. The

writers have been so busy with the Cipher in the second volume that they have quite forgotten the general statement of the whole Baconian argument in the first. Indeed, it seems to us they have generally been only too ready to run away from an argument the cogency of which evidently alarmed them, and to cover their retreat by noisy exhilaration over what they regard as the absurdity of the Cipher scheme, or the Cipher narrative. In discussing the Cipher they can appeal confidently to the ignorance or bewilderment of their readers, while they manage to cast a thick veil over the luminous features of a case which they never dare meet at close quarters. It is curious to see how careful these critics are to keep the Baconian argument at a distance. The ingenious misrepresentations, amounting even to absolute falsehood, in which they habitually indulge, may be represented, once for all, by the following, which occurs in the *Spectator* of May 12:—

We have dealt as yet chiefly with Mr. Donnelly's second volume, in which the story of the Cipher is unfolded. The earlier volume is occupied with attempted proofs of the ordinary kind that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. The so-called "evidence" springs from these root-ideas. Shakspere was only a player, and a poor man's son—*ergo*, he could not have written the plays. Bacon was the greatest genius of his time—*ergo*, Bacon wrote them. Bacon, however, was a great official—*ergo*, he did not dare to own to being a poet. Bacon wanted a fence—*ergo*, he employed Shakspere to pretend to be the author of the Plays. Such is the style of logic made use of to prove the Baconian theory. The theory is certainly amusing enough in itself, and might perhaps be traced by the cynical to the love of a Lord, which is instinctive in the English race on both sides of the Atlantic. Shakspere, the national hero, only wanted one thing to make him perfect—to be a Lord. This want the advocates of the Baconian theory have kindly attempted to supply by transferring Shakspere's work to a coroneted head.

Mr. Appleton Morgan says that one of the strongest possible points in favour of the Baconian theory is that certain advocates of the opposite view "cannot hear of it without dispossession of their mental balance." This is true. The shrewish anger, the small spiteful asperity of these critics, is one of the most astonishing features of recent criticism, but even that is not so astonishing as their unveracity. Truth as well as love dwindles, or even entirely vanishes, when these critics take up the pen. Here, for example, we see one of the most respectable literary journals in the British Empire stooping to a style of entirely baseless assertion, the habitual indulgence of which in ordinary life would reduce the value of any statement the writer might choose to make to

a quantity very much the wrong side of zero. If it is lawful for an honest writer to indulge in this sort of writing, then it is just as lawful to trample under foot any other command in the Decalogue as well as the ninth. This is not the language of sincere, genuine conviction. It is the language of rancorous prejudice, and we can only leave it to the tender mercies of an official who has been of late frequently appealed to, the Recording Angel. The refutation of such mockery of criticism would be almost as contemptible as its perpetration.

Remarkably favourable notice, both of the general argument and of the Cipher, has appeared in some American journals besides those already quoted. Space does not permit us to refer to these notices at any length. Most of them testify to the extraordinary interest of the narrative, and the cogency of the argument as against current theories. Thus the *Detroit Free Press* writes:—

That Mr. Donnelly has discovered a Cipher in the Shakespeare Plays there is no doubt . . . The Cipher is there. To become acquainted with the means, by which to know it, one must read the entire work. It is as interesting a story to the *litterateur* as romance writer ever penned.

The *Kansas City Journal* says:—

Any jury of intelligent lawyers on the first part of this great work would bring in a verdict against Shakespeare's authorship. . . . If the number relations he presents and verifies are simply happy coincidences, without any significance, then it is the most elaborate and connected set of coincidences that has ever been brought to light in chance work.

At Oxford and Cambridge and Birmingham, Mr. Donnelly has addressed attentive and intelligent audiences. The results of the voting at the Universities—at the Union Debates—was most satisfactory. A majority was not to be expected; a feeble minority might have been looked for. In the Oxford debate, out of nearly 300 votes, 120 voted for Shakespeare; about the same number declined to vote; 26 voted for Bacon. At Cambridge the result was even more favourable. 131 voted for Shakespeare, 101 for Bacon. Considering, from one's general knowledge of the world, that it is probable that at least 100 of the Shakespearians merely voted so because it is in the fashion, whereas probably all the Baconians had bestowed some thought on the question, there is reason to think that the real current of such criticism as is unbiassed and independent of traditional influences, is setting in the Baconian direction, and that a large body of opinion is rapidly forming in its favour.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.—A REPLY.

Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., has reprinted, "with additions," in a cover of parchment, price half-a-crown, the article which he contributed to the February number of *Blackwood's Magazine;* and although he makes no reference to my paper in No. 6 of the *Journal of the Bacon Society*, he has taken the opportunity of correcting most of the egregious blunders he perpetrated in his *Maga* disquisition, adding, at the same time, a considerable amount of new matter, in which he shows still greater ignorance of the question at issue, as well as of English literature. In a quotation from Spedding, Sir Theodore starts with the acknowledgment—

"I see nothing surprising in the fact that Bacon knew nothing about Shakspere, and that he knew nothing about Bacon, except his political writings and his popular reputation as a rising lawyer, of which there is no reason to suppose that he was ignorant. Why should Bacon, have known more of Shakespeare than you do of Mark Lemon, or Planché, or Morton. . . . I have no reason to think that Bacon had ever seen or read anything of Shakespeare's composition. *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, are the most likely; but one can easily imagine his reading them, and *not caring to read anything else by the same hand.*"

This does not say much for Shakespeare's writings, if they could fail to impress such a man as Bacon as the work of a man of genius, and Sir Theodore Martin, in citing his evidence, takes the very two pieces of "Shakespeare's" which Bacon would have admired and praised—the two poems which, more that any others, as Mr. Cowden Clarke says, "bear palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection, both in story and treatment . . . . showing unmistakable signs of having been written by a *schoolman*." As to the argument that Bacon and Shakspere, the two great lights of the Elizabethan age, could have gone through life without being acquainted with each other, it is as preposterous as if we were to suggest a similar probability with

regard to Gladstone and Tennyson, in the nineteenth century. On this point Mr. Appleton Morgan (who is not a Baconian), says:—

"We have already seen that of this trio (Bacon, Jonson and Shakspere), two—Bacon and Shakspere, if we are to believe the Shakesperians—were personally unknown to each other. It is worth our while to pause right here, and see what this statement involves. They are all three dwelling in the same town at the same moment; are all three, writers and wits, earning their living by their pens. Ben Jonson is the mutual friend. He is of service to both—he translates Bacon's English into Latin for him, and writes plays for William Shakspere's stage, and ultimately becomes the Boswell of both, running from one to the other in rapture. His admiration for Bacon on the one hand (according to his prose) amounts to a passion; his admiration for Shakspere, on the other (according to his poetry), amounts to a passion. He declares (in prose) that Bacon 'hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared and preferred either to *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*.' He declares (in poetry) of Shakspere that he may be left alone—

'for the comparison
Of all that *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.'

And yet he never, while going from one to the other, mentions Shakspere to Bacon, or Bacon to Shakspere; never 'introduces' them or brings them together; never gives his soul's idol—Bacon—any 'order' to his soul's idol—Shakspere's—theatre, that this absolutely inimitable Bacon (who has surpassed insolent Greece and haughty Rome) may witness the masterpieces of this absolutely inimitable Shakspere (who has likewise surpassed insolent Greece and haughty Rome): this Boswell of a Jonson, go-between of two men of repute and public character, travels from one to the other, sings the praises of each to the world outside (using the same figures of speech for each), and, in the presence of each, preserves so impenetrable a silence as to the other, that of the two public characters themselves each is absolutely ignorant of the other's existence! And yet they ought to have been close friends, for they borrowed each other's verses, and loaned each other's paragraphs to any extent. Persons there have been who asserted, on merely the internal evidence of their writings, that Bacon and 'Shakespeare' were one and the same man, and that what appeared to be 'parallelisms' and coincidences in Bacon and 'Shakespeare' were thus to be accounted for. But, admitting their separate identity, it is certain either that the natural philosopher borrowed his exact facts from the comedies of the playwright, or that the playwright borrowed the speeches for his comedies from the natural philosopher; either of

which looks very much like, at least, a speaking acquaintance. For some of these 'parallelisms' are not coincidences, but something very like *identities*."

This is the reply to Sir Theodore Martin, by a man who is now to be found on the same side as himself, that "large class" (according to Sir Theodore) "who have no foundation for their belief but *inherited tradition*," the only ground the Shakespearians have to stand upon in the controversy.

It may be remembered that Sir Theodore Martin, in his magazine article, attacked Mr. W. H. Smith for having inserted the words, "after some time be passed over" into Bacon's will. The critic still adheres to his statement; ignoring the fact that I proved, from his own authority, Mr. Spedding, (who, according to Sir Theodore, "devoted a lifetime with enthusiasm to a scrutiny of the writings and character of Bacon") that these words were in the *draft* of Bacon's will. The tone and spirit of Sir Theodore Martin's references to Bacon and his will, are far more illiberal than those passed upon Shakspere by any of the Baconians. "The doubtful incidents [he says] of a shifty, and in some particulars, by no means exemplary life, he might fairly suppose would be but little known to foreign nations, and to men of future centuries." That is, according to Martin, Bacon calculated on his accomplishments being alone remembered, his character and crimes forgotten, although it will seem to all reasonable persons that Bacon could not have been so intensely foolish as to have expected any such consummation. He must have known that his fall was the most conspicuous incident in his whole career, and in his appeal to posterity, *that* was included even more than his literary and scientific achievements. Any generous or even ordinarily fair man would take Bacon's meaning to be this: "I do not expect to be judged aright by my own contemporaries; but foreign and future races will be more just, and then the shadow of shame will pass away, and I shall be vindicated." Even Macaulay acknowledges this when he says, "His (Bacon's) confidence was just. From the day of his death his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive; and we have no doubt that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilised world." Sir Theodore Martin represents Bacon as skulking into the shadows of oblivion, while he is really advancing into the sunshine of full and clear knowledge, of righteous and unbiassed judgment, where he hopes ultimately to find his justification. It is mean and even (in the classic sense of the word) diabolic

to take a different view of his appeal; for the διάβολος is essentially the false accuser, who glories in his accusations and does not wish them to be refuted.

Sir Theodore still holds to the belief that all Shakespeare's writings can be attributed to "heaven-sent inspiration," with the further addition—

"Who can doubt that between the age of fourteen, when Shakspere's schooling *probably* came to an end, and the time he went to London, he was imbibing stores of observation and knowledge at every pore, *not from books only*, but from the men and women round him, from the sights and sounds of a country life, and from the impulses that come to a thoughtful and poetic mind in the solitude of its quiet hours. Shakspere was twenty-one when he was *forced* to leave Stratford; and, weighted although the *Venus and Adonis* is with thought as well as passion, *the genius which produced the dramas* MIGHT, even at that early age, have conceived and written it. But, however this may be, the poem shows a knowledge of what Ovid had written upon the same theme, in a poem of which there existed at that time no English translation."

To all this it may be answered, (1) the "book" theory is absurd. Richard Grant White, a Shakespearian, says: "When he fled from Stratford to London, we may be sure that he had *never seen half-a-dozen books*, other than his horn-book, his Latin accidence, and a Bible. Probably there were not half-a-dozen others in all Stratford." (2) The "Ovid" assumption is equally untenable. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps (the Shaksperian, over whose *Outlines* Sir Theodore Martin falls into rhapsodies) says: "It is *hardly possible* that the *Amores* of Ovid, whence he derived his earliest motto, could have been one of his school-books." Here is a dilemma. Shakspere had not read Ovid, according to Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps; there was no English translation of Ovid, says Sir Theodore Martin. Where then did Shakspere get his knowledge for the *Venus and Adonis?* Probably, "from the sights and sounds of a country life," which after passing through the crucible of "heaven-born inspiration," crystallized into classic culture and universal knowledge! Spedding attributes Bacon's knowledge not to genius alone, but to his careful education, the training of a scholar, which all the world knows he received, and of which he took so exceptional an advantage. At twelve he outstripped his home tutors, and was sent to Cambridge. At twenty he summarised the political condition of Europe with the hand of a statesman. Bacon reaped what had been sown. Shakspere, it would seem, had no

necessity for sowing his fields—his crops grew up spontaneously at the word of command. There were evidently miracles in those days, and it is a decided loss that they ceased with the "man of Stratford."

"Heaven-sent inspiration," therefore, is to account for everything Shakspere knew. He came out of the hand of nature like Pallas from Jove's head, at full growth and mature. "Heaven-born inspiration" gave Shakspere his knowledge, say, of the contents of old Gremio's House, regarding which, Lady Morgan wrote, "there is not an article here described that I have not found in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, and Genoa." "Heaven-sent inspiration," and Ben Jonson's *English Grammar*, gave Shakspere his marvellous vocabulary of 15,000 words! This, Sir Theodore would say, is the knowledge of genius, acquired by Shakspere's rapid perception and intuitive appreciation, &c., which also accounts for his marvellous acquaintance with Italian scenes in *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Dr. Maginn says, "Shakspere *may have been* in Italy," but where is the proof of it? "Heaven-sent inspiration" must also have supplied the dramatist with vivid descriptions of maritime phenomena, and his knowledge of the management of a vessel, whether in calm or storm. In the naval dialogue in *The Tempest*, we have the first example of sailors' language upon the stage, and the scene in *Pericles* was described as perfect by the famous Captain Phipps, the Arctic explorer. He proved, by a practical and scientific analysis of the boatswain's orders, not only that each was the best that could be given in the impending danger, but that all were issued in the exact order in which they were required. But Dr. Maginn explains this by asking, "Is it too much to suppose that Shakspere *might have made* a voyage to Cork, on a visit to his friend Spenser?" For my part, unable to comprehend the "intuitive knowledge of genius," I can only quote Dr. Johnson that "Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned." Some may argue, like Sir Theodore Martin, that it was possible for him to learn all this from books of travel now lost, or from conversation with travellers; but my faith recoils from so bare a possibility. Books and conversation may do much for an author; but should he descend to particular description, or venture to speak of manners and customs intimately, is it possible he should not once fall into error with no better instruction? Then what about "heaven-sent inspiration" in connection with Shakspere's knowledge of the Italian and French languages, shown in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Henry V.*, in which latter we have

a whole scene in French, while in many other places it occurs familiarly in the dialogue. Many whole sentences, and some hundreds of Latin, French, and Italian words occur in the plays, always quoted and introduced with the most perfect propriety, and often with admirable felicity and wit. It is impossible to conceive the character of Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, or that of Dr. Caius in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, to have been written by a man who had "small Latin," and was not perfectly conversant with French. All through the plays the style is coloured by words derived from foreign languages, happily naturalised and adapted to the genius of our own tongue. Minute allusions to what is to be found in various foreign literatures are equally abundant.

The copious use of French in Shakespeare exactly corresponds to which we know of Bacon's comparative familiarity with that and other continental languages. We know that Bacon could write and speak French fluently, and letters written in good French are to be found in his published correspondence. There is no proof that he was colloquially familiar with any other language, though we know that he read Italian authors, and may possibly have been able to speak the language. But in Shakspere all this knowledge of continental languages is to be explained by "inspiration," a *deus ex Machinâ*, which is greatly needed, if we are to trust the following references, implying that Shakspere was *not* a scholar, whether his tutor had been a heavenly or a scholastic pedagogue. (1) Jonson's remark that Shakspere—*his* Shakspere—had "small Latin and less Greek," and that he "wanted art." (2) Drayton's remark that Shakspere's excellence was due to his "naturall braine only." (3) The lines of SHAKSPERE'S FRIEND Digges that

> **"Nature only helpt him, for looke thorow**
> **This whole booke,* thou shalt find he doth not borow**
> **One phrase from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,**
> **Nor once from vulgar languages translate."**

(4) Milton's reference to "sweetest Shakespeare" as

> **"Fancy's child**
> **Warbling his native wood-notes wild."**

(5) Suckling's comparison of Shakspere's "easier strain" with the "sweat of the learned Johnson." (6) Denham's assurance that all Shakspere had was from "old mother-wit." (7) Dryden's senti-

* The first folio.

ment that "he wanted not the spectacles of books to read Nature." (8) Fuller's declaration that his "learning was very little. Nature was all the art used upon him, as he himself, if alive, would confess." And (9), to cap all, there is Shakspere's own confession of lack of education when he offers what he styles his "untutored lines" to the Earl of Southampton, which is invariably accepted by Shaksperians as a sufficient proof of his want of learning.

The dilemma involved in these nine references is this,—if they refer to the Shakespeare poems, they are demonstrably untrue; if they refer to William Shakspere himself, they may be true, but in that case he did not write Shakespeare. These bits of "testimony" are eagerly accepted by Sir Theodore Martin and unreflecting readers in general who do not take the trouble of critically examining either the writings they so enthusiastically admire, or the witnesses whose evidence they so triumphantly adduce. Shaksperians are obliged to accept these swallow flights of rapturous eulogy, with all their paradoxes and inconsistencies, *au pied de lettre*. Only Baconians have the data necessary to give them a rational explanation.

Lord Beaconsfield must have had Sir Theodore Martin's typical Shakspere and Shaksperian eulogist in his mind when he puts into the mouth of Lord Cadurcis, in *Venetia*:—"And who is Shakspere? We know of him as much as we do of Homer. Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he even write a single whole play? I doubt it. . . . His popularity is of modern date, and it may not last; it would have surprised *him* marvellously. Heaven knows, at present, all that bears his name is alike admired. . . . For my part, I abhor all your irregular geniuses." Sir Theodore Martin and his friends can only fall down and worship them.

In his magazine article Sir Theodore stated: "They [Shakspere's father and mother] held a good position in Stratford, and were in easy circumstances during the boyhood of Shakspere." In his reprint Sir Theodore puts it: "And, *if at a later period they became poor*, they were undoubtedly," &c. Unfortunately for Sir Theodore Martin, the gradual declension in the Shaksperes' worldly position took place, as the Cowden Clarkes show, when their son was of the age of 11, 12, and 13, and in William's fourteenth year the elder Shakspere mortgaged his estate, and was unable to pay poor rates. In his fifteenth year the Shaksperes sold their property at Snitterfield for £4. Where in all this are the "easy circumstances" referred to by Sir Theodore Martin?

Sir T. Martin adds another speculation about Shakspere's education:

"Every presumption is in favour of the view that [Shakspere's parents] would not be behind their neighbours in a matter of this sort. John Shakspere, a leading burgess, who had held high office in the local government of Stratford, would never have exposed himself to the reproach of his fellow-townsmen for neglecting the education of his children."

Now "every presumption" is directly against this view, for if "Shakspere came of a good stock on both father and mother's side" (Sir T. Martin), this "good stock," as represented by Mr. and Mrs. John Shakspere's father and mother, never gave the said Mr. and Mrs. John Shakspere enough education as (according to Sir Theodore's authority, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps) would enable them *to write their names*, and it is proved beyond doubt that Shakspere's daughters were as ignorant in this respect as their grandfather and grandmother. What these latter did (or did not do) for *their* son, it is just as likely *that* son would do (or would not do) for *his* children. And as to the supposed "reproach of his fellow-townsmen," why should black kettles shrink from the criticisms of blacker pots? Probability points in exactly the opposite direction—namely, that the Stratford burgesses would think one of their own set an "upstart crow," if he aspired to any more gaudy educational plumage than they themselves possessed. Sir T. Martin adds: "Imperfect truly it might be: of what education can it be said that it is not imperfect?" I would submit Bacon's education as an example of what he looks for.

Sir Theodore Martin next insists that there was no more unlikelihood of Shakspere writing *Venus and Adonis* than of Keats writing his "Ode to a Grecian Urn" and "Hyperion." This is a most unfortunate comparison for Sir Theodore Martin. He ought to know that Keats was an excellent Latin scholar, that he was educated at a school of high repute at Enfield, kept by the father of Mr. Cowden Clarke, that at school (which he left at 14) he wrote a complete translation of the *Æneid*, and that he almost knew by heart Tooke's *Pantheon* and Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*, which it is needless to mention were not in existence in Shakspere's day.

With reference to Keats, Lord Houghton informs us that "Careless of an ordinary school reputation, his zeal for his studies themselves led him frequently to spend his holidays over *Virgil* or *Fénélon*, and when his master forced him into the open air for his health, he would be found walking with a book in his hand." Shakspere did not require so much pressing to go out into the open air, if the poaching incident is to

be believed. And Mr. Cowden Clarke himself, in his "Recollections," describes vividly the delight with which Keats and he went over Chapman's *Homer*, and how Keats devoured the contents of Spence's *Polymetis*, Mavor's *Universal History*, and all Robertson's Histories, even during meal hours; adding that at supper Keats would often be seen holding the huge folio volume of Burnet's *History* between himself and the table, eating his meal from beyond it. So much for Sir Theodore Martin's knowledge of Keats.

Sir Theodore still maintains, that "unless it can be shown that Shakspere, who claimed the authorship on the title-pages [of *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*], did not write either poem, the charge of want of education must fall to the ground." In answer to this, I repeat, that in *not one* of the first eight editions of *Venus and Adonis*, or the first four of *Lucrece*, does Shakespeare's name appear on the title-page. If Sir Theodore Martin will show me one edition, anterior to the year 1616, the year of William Shakspere's death, with the name of Shakespeare on the title-page, I will hand him a ten-pound note, to be presented to any London or Edinburgh charity. He has twelve different editions of the two poems to select from, and will see a facsimile of the title-page of the first edition in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*. Sir Theodore Martin lays great stress on the fact that the appearance of Shakespeare's name on the title-page of a play or poem, is to be accepted as proof positive of Shakspere's authorship of the work. Is he aware that when plays, such as *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Sir John Oldcastle*, notoriously not his, were published with his name on the title-page in his life-time, no effort appears to have been made, on his part, to set the matter right?

Sir Theodore then lugs in, as usual, the well-worn references to Shakespeare by Francis Meres—"mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare," and the "sugared sonnets," as well as the "honey-tongued Shakespeare" of John Weever. This is the reply of Dr. Ingleby, another Shakesperian, to Francis Meres and Weever:—

> "The iteration of the same vapid and affected compliments, couched in conventional terms, from writers of the first two periods, comparing Shakespeare's 'tongue,' 'pen,' or 'vein,' to silver, honey, sugar, or nectar, while they ignore his greater and distinguishing qualities, is expressly significant."

Can Sir Theodore produce a single reference, by a contemporary, to the personal history of Shakspere? Sir Theodore Martin carefully passes by all the literary references to Shakspere that are not in his

favour. He entirely omits to mention the numerous attacks on his fellow-actor, made by Ben Jonson in his plays. Now, in the prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, short work is made of the Shakespearian dramas; and the abuse was continued in *Epicœne* and *The Poetaster*, where Crispinus, "Poetaster, and Plagiarius," has, from internal evidence, been identified with nobody but Shakspere, who is advised "to read the best Greeks, but not without a tutor." Then Sir Theodore Martin forgets to mention the severe hits at Shakespeare in Dekker's *Satiromastix*, Marston's *Malcontent*, and Jonson, Chapman, and Marston's *Eastward Hoe*. Jacob Feis, in his work, *Shakespeare and Montaigne*, proves conclusively that in *Volpone* Jonson attacked *Hamlet*, as well as Shakspere himself, in the character of "Androgyno." This character is asked to give an answer why he has "shifted his coat in these days of reformation" (*i.e.*, turned from actor to author), and why his "dogmatical silence" (as an actor, merely) has left him. He replies, that "Sir Lawyer" had induced him to do so. "From this," says Feis, "*it may be concluded that Bacon had some influence on Shakespeare's Hamlet. Are not, in poetical manner*," he asks, "*the same principles advocated in Hamlet which Bacon promoted in science?*" Now this same Feis is, strange to say, an opponent of the Baconian view, which he styles a "wild theory." Androgyno then confesses that he has become "a good, dull mule," that he is now

> "A very strange beast; by some writers called an ass,
> By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother."

"The advocates," says Feis, "in festive processions, made use of mules. May be that Jonson calls Shakspere a "good dull mule," because in *Hamlet* he champions the views of 'Sir Lawyer' Bacon." Baconians may have another and more probable explanation of the passage. It is evident that "rare old Ben" wrote bitterly of the living Shakspere, and it is not surprising, that when requested by Heminge and Condell (for a consideration, perhaps) to write a few lines upon Shakspere, "dead, and turned to clay," he buried the hatchet, and adopted as his motto for the occasion, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. This is the testimony on which Sir Theodore Martin and his friends lay so much stress, in bolstering up their case for "the great name which, from 1616, has been held in reverence by all cultivated men."

Sir Theodore Martin no longer insists that Greene apologised to Shakspere for calling him an impostor, but that Chettle did this

service for Greene after Greene's death—a most valuable apology, evidently, to Sir Theodore Martin's mind, and to which he is heartily welcome, as it proves nothing for his case.

Our critic next takes up the position, that "if Shakspere were the uncultured boor the Baconians assume him to have been, that he would have been found out by his talk." Baconians may easily admit that Shakspere, if uneducated, was a witty *speaker*, but a witty speaker is not necessarily a witty *writer*, as those who have spent many hours in the company of clever actors can testify. Shakspere, Baconians maintain, was the very man for Bacon's purposes, as it is not likely that the scholar would have transferred the parentage of his dramas to an absolute idiot, if he wanted the secret kept, and the reputed authorship accepted as probable. Irving, Toole, and Wyndham are witty enough talkers in company at many a "Mermaid" table, but what plays have they written, or could they write? Had any one of the trio, at the beginning of his managerial career, been prepared to have fathered upon him the plays of another Bacon, plays which would certainly command success and overflowing treasuries—had he (like Shakspere) never directly claimed these plays as his own, but allowed audience and actors to form their own opinion on the subject; had he (like Shakspere) read the plays to the actors, written the parts out in his own hand-writing, and handed them, "unblotted," to the company, I verily believe that, during his life, he would—had he been so minded—have been honoured, even by such a dramatic expert as Sir Theodore Martin, with the credit of complete authorship of the plays, and at his death, have been celebrated in a score of laudatory Jonsonian verses, which any members of his company, or Sir Theodore Martin himself, might be capable of stringing together. What would it matter if the plays—as with Shakspere—were not mentioned in his will? That is simply a detail which has "nothing to do with the case," according to the devoted worshippers of William Shakspere.

Sir Theodore Martin then assumes that

"Milton, though too young to have known Shakspere, could scarcely fail to have spoken with many who had seen and talked with him. Not ELSE could he have written of him as 'My Shakespeare,' or as 'Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child.'"

The "not else" is certainly refreshing. Sir Theodore asks us to accept, as evidence that Shakspere wrote the plays, the very noncritical statement by Milton, that Shakespeare "warbled his native wood-notes wild." Sir Theodore Martin's "not else" only endorses the

absurdity which Milton himself, in calm criticism, would have scouted, that the Shakesperian dramas are the sweet outpourings of fancy—"native wood-notes wild." Milton would have readily admitted that—as a prosaic judgment—this is sheer nonsense; but it is good enough, evidently, for Sir Theodore Martin, whose literary maw swallows nonsense and sense with charming indiscrimination, if he can only get the semblance of an anti-Baconian argument out of the crude mass. Sir Theodore Martin has a worthy backer-up in Dr. Maginn, who believes in "the fanciful creations of Shakspere, singing sweetly free forest ditties, warbling, *without any other source of inspiration but the sylvan scene around*, notes, native to himself, and equally native to the wood." The only difference between Martin and Maginn is, evidently, in the source of the "inspiration." But just as Ben Jonson worshipped Shakespeare in his poetry, and spoke with no disguised contempt of Shakspere in his prose, so Milton, in his prose, gives a similar set-off to his poetical eulogy. Sir Theodore Martin may not be aware that the worst thing that Milton, in his *Eikonoklastes*, could say about Charles I. was, that William Shakespeare was "the closest companion of these his solitudes." And after referring to a passage in *Richard III.* he says:—"Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedie." Of this remark Isaac Disraeli says:—"We are startled by such a style from the author of *Comus* and of *Samson Agonistes*. . . . The slur, the gibe, and the covert satire, are too obvious. I would gladly have absolved our great bard from this act of treason, at least, against the majesty of Shakespeare's genius." Warton says:—"Milton listened no longer to the wild and native wood-notes of 'fancy's child.' In his '*Eikonoklastes*' he censures King Charles for studying 'one whom we know was the devout companion of his solitudes, William Shakespeare.' This remonstrance would have come with more propriety from Prynne or Hugh Peters." And even the rabid Shaksperian, Professor Masson, confesses, in his *Life of Milton*, that "the boundless veneration for Shakespeare in those lines ('What needs my Shakespeare,' &c.) is, indeed, gone in this passage." It would appear therefore that, in regard to Shakspere, Milton, like Jonson, was a Mr. Facing-both-ways. To Milton's testimony, therefore, Sir Theodore Martin is very welcome.

"To the Sonnets," we are next informed by our critic, "we may look with confidence, as indicating the character of Shakspere's mind, and the distinctive qualities of his literary style." There have been

commentators such as Steevens, however, who have ejected these same Sonnets from Shakespeares's *works;* and, speaking of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and the Sonnets, Isaac Disraeli declared: "As poetical miscellanies were formed in those days by publishers, who were not nice in the means they used to procure manuscripts, it is quite uncertain what are genuine and what may be the composition of other writers in these collections." Wordsworth held that, in the Sonnets, Shakespeare "unlocked his heart." To this Robert Browning replies:—

> "'With this same key
> Shakspere unlocked his heart' once more!
> Did Shakspere? If so, the less Shakspere he!"

Sir Theodore Martin flies to the Sonnets for "the character of Shakspere's mind;" yet there are critics, like Francis Turner Palgrave, who believe that "these revelations of the poet's innermost nature appear to teach us less of the man than the tone of mind which we trace, or seem to trace, in *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, and *The Tempest*." The riddle which has perplexed Shakespearians for nearly three hundred years—whether the Sonnets are autobiographical or merely fanciful, the personages real or wholly fictitious—is, at last, to be solved by Sir Theodore Martin; the strange imagery of passion which passes over the magic mirror, without tangible existence before or behind it, is "to be looked to with confidence, as indicating the character of Shakespeare's mind."

Sir Theodore Martin persists in denying that Bacon had any reason, during his life, to conceal his connection with the stage. "It is an assumption," he says, "without warrant, either in fact or probability. If Bacon gave his name to masques, why should he have hesitated to give it to *Macbeth* or *Julius Cæsar?*" For this very good reason, that masques, produced gratuitously, by gentlemen students at Gray's Inn, for the recreation of Queen Elizabeth and her court, and dramas, written for money and for a play-house, were, in those days, regarded as very different compositions. The profession of play-writing was, as nobody knows better than Sir Theodore Martin, despised in the Elizabethan age; and the acknowledgment of the authorship, even of *Macbeth* or *Julius Cæsar*, by Bacon, would have been equivalent to social ostracism, and have damaged all chance of promotion with the Lord Chancellor. On this point, Dr. Ingleby says:—

"Even Lodge [a contemporary of Shakspere] who had never indeed trod the stage, but had written several plays, speaks, in his *Scillæ Meta-*

morphosis, of the vocation of the playmaker as sharing the *odium* attaching to the actor. At this day we can scarcely realise the scorn which was thrown on all sides upon those who made acting a means of livelihood. Let their lives be as cleanly and their dealings as upright as they might, they were deemed to be *sans aveu*, runaways and vagrants."

Sir Theodore Martin swears by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. Here is *his* opinion of play-wrights:—"It must be borne in mind that actors occupied an inferior position in society, and that *even the vocation of a dramatic writer was considered scarcely respectable.*" This is from the book which, according to Sir Theodore Martin, "contains no conclusions that are not based upon judicial proof." And yet Sir Theodore Martin declares that Bacon had no reason to conceal his connection with the stage.

Sir Theodore Martin next asks, "If Bacon wrote the plays, is it conceivable that he would not have been so proud of their authorship that he would have taken care to place the fact beyond a doubt, and *to enjoin his executors to have justice done to his claim?*" What about Shakspere and *his* executors? What is "conceivable" of Sir Theodore Martin's man of Stratford, is, surely, equally conceivable of Bacon, content to base his reputation, with after ages, on the great system of philosophy which he had inaugurated. Shakspere's reputation rests on the poems only: with them it rises or falls. Bacon's reputation had a large and liberal independent basis, to which he himself attached a supreme value. It is quite intelligible that Bacon should make his selection on which of these two bases his fame should rest. Shakspere, however, had no selection,—only Hobson's choice. And yet there is no trace or rumour of any personal claim being made by him to this exaltation; the alternative between this high renown and inglorious oblivion he absolutely neglected.

In his *Appendix*, under the title, "Specimens of Bacon's Poetry," Sir Theodore Martin, with the fairness characteristic of Shakesperians, compares two verses (in rhyme) of the Psalms translated by Bacon with two passages (in blank verse) from *Richard III.* and *Hamlet*, and abuses Bacon for "thoughts" which are not his but the Psalmist's. These translations by Bacon, says Sir Theodore, "are such as no man would have written who possessed a genuine poetical gift, or the command of poetical and musical language." Sir Theodore commenced his *opus* with quotations from Mr. Spedding (who, be it remembered, "devoted a lifetime to a scrutiny of the

writings and character of Bacon"); and it would have been only fair to have given this great authority's opinion of these same *Psalms*, so despised and rejected by Sir Theodore Martin, critic and poet. This is Mr. Spedding's estimate of the translations: "Bacon had all the natural faculties which a poet wants; a fine ear for metre, a fine feeling for imaginative effect in words, and a vein of poetic passion. Had it taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets." It is doubtful if Mr. Spedding could say as much of the genuine Shaksperean lines on the stone below the celebrated bust, and the equally wonderful epitaphs, the sole poetical fruit of "the great dramatist's" retirement at Stratford-on-Avon.

Sir Theodore Martin, in his *Appendix*, also scoffs at the idea of the verses, "Life's a Bubble," being the work of Bacon. This is what he says: "*Mr. Donnelly and others* claim the following poem for Bacon. Mr. Spedding admits that it *may possibly be his*. . . . Most certainly no one will claim it for Shakspere, false as it is in philosophy, false in sentiment," &c., &c. This is a sequel to his previous statement that "neither by his contemporaries, nor by the collectors of Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry, is Bacon credited with that faculty" (of writing plays and poems).

This is what Spedding says of "Life's a Bubble": "This is a more remarkable performance; and is ascribed to Bacon on the authority of Thomas Farnaby, *a contemporary and a scholar*. In 1629, only three years after Bacon's death, Farnaby published a collection of Greek Epigrams. After giving the Epigram in question, with its Latin translation on the opposite page, he adds: *Huc elegantem V. C. L. Domini Verulamii παρῳδίαν adjicere adlubuit;* and then prints the English lines below (the only English in the book). A copy of the English lines was also found among Sir Henry Wotton's papers, with the name *Francis, Lord Bacon*, at the bottom. . . . Farnaby's evidence is direct and strong. He speaks as if there were no doubt about the fact; nor has there ever, I believe, been a rival claim put in for anybody else. So that unless the supposition involves some improbability (and I do not myself see any), the natural conclusion is that the lines were really written by Bacon. And when I compare them with his translations of the 90th and 137th Psalms, the metre of which, though not the same, has a kind of resemblance which makes the comparison more easy, especially in the rhymed couplet which closes each stanza, I should myself say

that the internal evidence is in favour of their being by the same hand."

This is the evidence upon which Sir Theodore Martin sneers at "Mr. Donnelly and others claiming the poem for Bacon." He accepts Spedding as an authority when Spedding's declaration suits the Martinian case; but when Spedding praises in no measured terms the verses of Bacon, such praise is either entirely ignored, or simply pooh-poohed as of no value. Sir Theodore Martin also criticises the "philosophy" and "sentiment" of the poem, evidently ignorant of the fact that Bacon was not responsible for the "philosophy" and "sentiment" of a Greek poem which he only *translated!* Spedding is fairer than Sir Theodore Martin, in that he does not criticise the "philosophy" and "sentiment" (which are *not* Bacon's), but the "melody" and "metrical arrangement" (which *are* Bacon's). He says: "The merit of the original consists almost entirely in its compactness; there being no special felicity in the expression or music in the metre. In the English, compactness is not aimed at, and a tone of plaintive melody is imparted, which is due chiefly to the metrical arrangement, and *has something very pathetic in it to my ear*."

But Farnaby is not the only "Jacobean contemporary" who credits Bacon with the poetical faculty, as I showed in my first paper that John Stow in his *Annals* includes Sir Francis Bacon, Kt., among "our moderne and present excellent poets which worthily flourish in their own works, and all of them, in my knowledge, lived together in the Queen's raigne."

Sir Theodore Martin says Bacon was *not* a poet. This is Shelley's estimate of Bacon, and it may be allowed that Shelley's opinion is quite as valuable as that of our K.C.B. "Lord Bacon was a poet," writes Shelley. "His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader's mind, and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element, with which it has perpetual sympathy."

The verses of Bacon may not be "poetry" according to the high standard of the poetical put forth by the translator of *Horace*, but they are at least equal to the miserable doggerel of Shakspere's epigram on Sir Thomas Lucy ("the first essay of his poetry," according to Rowe, his earliest biographer), for which "essay" he had to fly to London. This is as worthy of comparison with the passages

quoted by Sir Theodore Martin from *Richard III.* and *Hamlet* as are the extracts he makes from Bacon's translation of the Psalms. Such a comparison will at least be a comparison of original matter with other original matter, and not of what is original with what is translated.

It is not only the poetical faculty that Sir Theodore Martin denies to Bacon, but he also denies him the possession of "imagination and humour." He declares, "It were idle to bring these, and other writings of Bacon, to the test of a comparison with the plays, and to contrast his grave, square-cut, antithetical, ponderous, unemotional style, and the absence in them of anything like dramatic imagination and humour, with the exuberance of poetical imagery and illustration," &c., of Shakespeare. Hear what Macaulay says on this point:—

"*In wit*, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving analogies between things which appear to have nothing in common, *he never had an equal*, not even Cowley, not even the author of *Hudibras*. Indeed, he possessed this faculty, or rather this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree. When he abandoned himself to it without reserve, the feats which he performed were not merely admirable, but portentous, and almost shocking. On these occasions we marvel at him as clowns on a fair-day marvel at a juggler, and can hardly help thinking that the devil must be in him. These, however, were freaks in which his ingenuity now and then wantoned, with scarcely any other object than to astonish and amuse. But it occasionally happened that, when he was engaged in grave and profound investigations, his wit obtained the mastery over all his other faculties, and led him into absurdities into which no dull man could possibly have fallen. [It was so with Shakespeare]. Yet we cannot wish that Bacon's wit had been less luxuriant, [and Macaulay gives good reason for not wishing this, among them] the pleasure which it affords." . . "The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind. . . No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. . . In truth much of Bacon's life was passed in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian Tales. . . . Yet in his magnificent day dreams there was nothing wild, nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. . . . The glance with which he surveyed the intellectual universe resembled that which the archangel, from the golden threshold of heaven, darted down into the new creation.

Were it not that Sir T. Martin holds a brief for Shakspere, it is quite evident he would not run the risk of having his quite preposterous judgment of Bacon's writings and style brought into comparison with the rational judgments of Spedding, Shelley and Macaulay.

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FIGURES, SIMILES AND METAPHORS, FROM BACON'S PROSE AND SCIENTIFIC WORKS, AND FROM SHAKESPEARE,

With Regard to Matters Connected with State-Government, Law, the Body Politic, King, Court, War, &c.

By Mrs. Henry Pott.

(*Continued from Vol. I., page* 278).

Dart (venomed with Sedition).

Not a simple slander, but a seditious slander, like to that the poet speaketh of—*Calamosque armare veneno*—a venomous dart that hath both iron and poison.

(*Charge against St. John*).

I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears. I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus.

(*Jul. Cæs.*, V. iii. 73).

Depth of the Law.

The deep and profound reasons of law which ought chiefly to be searched. . .

Littleton's reason, which speaketh out of the depth of the common law. (*Arguments of Law, Waste*).

The law which is past depth to those that enter into it.

(*Tim. Ath.*, III. v. 12).

Die, Cast of the Hazard.

The die runneth upon your royal prerogative. (*To the King*).

I speak it in a dangerous time, because the die of the Low Countries is on the throw. (*To Buckingham*).

Many were glad that the die was cast. (*Hist. Gt. Brit.*).

Put it upon the hazard, that Spain will cast at the fairest. (*Of War with Spain*).

The French knew how to make war with the English by not putting things on the hazard of a battle. (*Hist. Hen. VII.*).

I will stand the hazard of the die. (*Rich III.* V. iv. 10).

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. (*Jul. Cæs.*, V. i. 68).

Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
(1 *Hen. IV.*, IV. i. 45).

Now, expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard, etc. (*Tr. Cr. Prol.* 10).

Digestion of Business, etc.

Affected dispatch. . . is like that which the physicians call predigestion or hasty digestion, which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and seeds of diseases. (*Ess. Dispatch*).

The project is considerately digested for the county of Tyrone. (*Discourse of Ireland*).

My Lord spent the end of the summer in digesting his thoughts. (*Essex Treasons*).

This continual heaping up laws without digesting them maketh but a chaos and confusion. (*Of Union*).

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
(*Rich. III.*, III. i. 199).

Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
The abuse of distance, etc. (*Hen. V.*, II., Prol. 31).

Capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested.
(*Hen. V.*, II. ii. 56, *and ib. ii. chorus*).

Will the King digest this letter? (*Hen. VIII.*, III. ii. 52).
(*This figure frequent in both groups.*)

Discord, Concord.

It is a desperate case, if those that hold with the proceeding of the State be full of discord. (*Ess. Sedition*).

Oh! how this discord doth afflict my soul!
(1 *Hen. VI.*, III. i. 106).

But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event. (*ib.* IV. i. 190).

Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid.
(*ib.* IV. iv. 22).

Disease, Cure.

The controversies themselves I will not enter into, as judging that the disease requireth rather rest than any other cure. (*Controversies of the Church*).

Those diseases are hardest to cure whereof the cause is obscure, and those easiest whereof the cause is manifest. (*Letter drawn up for Essex*).

It is in vain to cure the accidents of a disease, except the cause be found and removed. (*To Buckingham*).

That disease eats out the remedies if they be not speedy. (*For Appointing Lord Treasurer*).

Before the curing of a strong disease. . .
The fit is strongest, etc. (*John III.*, IV. 112—115).

Falstaff.—It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Justice.—To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician. . . I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. . . the disease is incurable. (2 *Hen. IV.*, I. ii. 138, 264).

Earthquake.

I may. . . offer you a type or pattern in nature, much resembling this event in your estate—namely, earthquakes, which bring ever much *terror* and *wonder*, but no actual hurt, the earth trembling for a moment, and suddenly stablishing in perfect quiet as it was before. . . So in earthquakes, the more general do little hurt. . . but particular earthquakes have many times overturned towns and cities. (*On the Union*).

Wretches. . . have been able to stir earthquakes by murdering of Princes. (*Charge against Owen*).

When the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander. . .
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, *frights*, *changes*, *horrors*,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture. (*Tr. Cr.*, I. iii. 94).

Comp. *Temp. II.*, i. 309 (where Antonio and Gonzalo are about to murder the king, but he awakes, warned by Ariel),—

Wherefore this ghastly looking? What's the matter. . .
O! 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake.

Eye of the State, of Authority, Justice, &c.

The State whose proper eye is to the general good. (*Of the Marches*).

Examination is . . . one of the eyes of the king's politic body. (*Charge against Countess Shrewsbury*).

The eye of judgment. (*Device of Philautia, and in Controv. of the Ch.*).

The inquisitive eye of presumption . . . the observant eye of duty. (*Advt. L.*, i. 1).

The eye of experience. . . . The eye of wisdom. (*Speech against Enclosures*).

Considering, therefore, that ye are the eye of justice, ye aught to be single, without partial affection, watchful, not asleep, or false asleep in winking at offenders, and sharp-sighted to proceed with understanding and discretion. (*Charge to the Court of the Verge; Life*, IV. 256).

The judgment of the eye. (*L. L. L.*, II. 15, and *Per.* I., *Gower* 41).

My authority shall not see thee. (*Per.*, IV. vi. 96).

The gentle eye of Peace. (*John IV.*, iii. 150).

The rude eye of Rebellion. (*ib.* V. iv. 11).

The tender eye of pitiful day. (*Macb.*, *III. ii.* 47.

Ambassadors, which are the eyes of kings. (*Report*, 1606).

I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness, from whom I have this intelligence. (*Win. Tale*, IV. i.).

Eyewinking.

Confusion and disorder hath, by tradition, not only been winked at, but warranted. (*Advice to Rutland*).

Wrongs are very easily, even with a wink of yours, redressed. (*Advice to the Queen*).

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,

When capital crimes . . . appear before us.
(*Hen. V.*, II. ii. 54; *Hen. V.*, ii. 2).

Fabric.

The fabric of the State. (*De Aug.*, iii. 4).
The frame and fabric . . . of your courts. (*To the King*).

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye . . .
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric. (*i.e., of the Body and of the State*).
(*Cor.*, I. i. 119).

Father.

His Majesty is . . . *pater patriæ* . . . *pater pupillorum* . . . and being a representative father, his purpose is to imitate and approach as near as may be to the duties and offices of a natural father. (*For the Master of the Wards*, 1612).

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
(2 *Hen. IV.*, V. ii. 56).

You slander
The helms of the State, who care for you like fathers.
(*Cor.*, I. i. 78).

Flood—Inundation.

The fame of great actions is like to a land-flood which hath no certain head or spring. (*Gesta Grayorum*).

When a State grows to an over-power it is like to a flood, that will be sure to overflow. (*Ess. Vicissitude*).
Passion hath his floods. (*Ess. Love*).
A flood of suitors. (*Let. to Buckingham*, 1620).
A flood of new friends. (*ib.*, 1621).
Inundations of people. (*Ess. Vicissitude*).

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes.
(*Tw. N.*, IV. iii. 11).
A flood of greatness. (1 *Hen. IV.*, V. i. 48).
His youth in flood. (*Tr. Cr.*, I. iii. 299).

A sudden flood of mutiny. (*Jul. Cæs.*, III. ii. 214).
This great flood of visitors. (*Tim. Ath.*, I. i. 42).
Inundations of mistempered humours. (*John V.*, i. 12).

Flowers (of the Crown—of Greatness—Cropped Garland).

Popular reputation . . . is one of the best flowers of your greatness. (*To Essex*).

Points of the prerogative are flowers of the crown.
(*Report*, 1606; and *Mem. for the King*, 1616).

No mortal calamity is more moving and afflicting, than to see the flower of virtue (valour) *cropped before its time.*
(*Ess. Memnon*).

Ordinatio belli et pacis est absoluti imperii, a principal flower of the crown; which flowers ought to be so dear unto us, as we ought, if needs were, to water them with our blood. For if those flowers should wither by neglect, or upon facility . . . wither and fall, *the garland will not be worth the wearing*).
(*Report*, 1606-7).

Bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be *cropp'd before you come to prime.*
(*R. II.*, V. ii. 50, and *R. III.*, i. 2, 248).

Catesby.—It is a reeling world, indeed my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear *the garland of the realm.*

Hastings.—How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Catesby.—Aye, my good lord. (*R. III.*, III. ii. 38).

He's one of the flowers of Troy. (*Tr. Cr.*, I. ii. 203).
The flower of warriors. (*Cor.*, I. vi. 32).
Come knights from East and West,
And *cull* their flower (of kingly glory).
(*Tr. Cr.*, II. iii. 274).
Thou hast slain
The flower of England for his chivalry.
(3 *Hen. VI.*, II. i. 71).
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face, &c.
(*R. II.*, III. iii. 95).

(*To be continued.*)